

Yellow JOURNAL

25¢



Vancouver's two days of rage, Friday night at the Bay and downtown, and Saturday afternoon at Blaine, have given the Vancouver Police Department a chance to do its duty, i.e. bust people. Five people were busted the night of the Bay. Over a week later, Ken Lester, Yippie and Pressganger, was issued a warrant on two counts: malicious damage and escaping custody. Last week, Ace Hollibaugh, SFU Ombudsman, was arrested for activities surrounding a women's demonstration, under the charge of being an accomplice to public mischief. And only yesterday, two members of the SFU 114 (remember them?), were busted for failing to pay their \$250 fine, after a lapse of nearly one and a half years. Rumours have it that Chief Prosecutor Stuart McMorran is preparing further warrants right now.

DO IT

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OTTAWA KILLS PANTHER pg. 2 SPEC HEAD FIRED pg. 2 WOMEN INVADE PLAYBOY pg. 14 STEVIE VS. WOODSTOCK pg. 4 NERVE GAS STOPPED pg. 18

PLUS a look at the history of the Bay from the inside, tips on streetfighting and basic survival techniques for the summer, full-size People's Park calendar and original wall poster, an exposé of who is behind Gagliardi's Provincial Alliance of Businessmen, Brother Badmouth on rhythm & blues and Tina Turner, Buckwheat on the myth of overpopulation and Canada's arsenal of chemical-bacteriological weapons, Rose Hips on what to eat, original comix and graphics and much, much more.



The Seattle Post Intelligencer called it 'the greatest insult to the United States since the Alamo'. And soon there will be greater ones. Dig it.

It's happening here. And it's happening now.

The Blaine invasion and the Battle of the Bay are the beginning of a revolutionary movement right here in Vancouver.

The last few weeks have seen the rise of new forms of living and struggling in the youth culture.

Communes and collectives are getting into projects that bring people together to act against the system and for an alternative way of living.

Yippie! formed after the March 14 street action against Repression organized by several activist groups. Five hundred people took over the streets and danced to the courthouse. One hundred and fifty carried on through the Bay afterwards and threw pies at the White Lunch store front windows. Hundreds joined Yippie! in support of brother Percy Smith at the Cloverdale Magic Marijuana Festival and later at the Bay Sip-In.

Vancouver Liberation Front sprang up in April as a revolutionary youth group based on residential collectives where people struggle through their life style/work style and criticize one another's day to day organizing. VLF is organizing students, street people and young workers to fight for a revolutionary culture and an upfront revolutionary politics which confronts and exposes the male chauvinist, racist, authoritarian and imperialist bullshit that divides youth and working people from one another and their oppressed brothers and sisters everywhere. Hundreds of high energy people responded to VLF, Yellow Journal and Yippie! when they called for the Blaine invasion and the 'Go free' motion at Strawberry Fair.

VLF has since set up Survival Liberation School which trains people in basic self-defence and skills necessary for survival: how to form and finance residential collectives; how to deal with pig and narc harassment; basic medical first-aid; legal and political tactics and rights in Canadian courts; how to find and prepare cheap and healthy food etc.

Liberation Film Unit began last week after Blaine and plans to do films, video tapes and prints for the underground media. A Vancouver branch of Newsreel is getting ready to distribute movement films and hopes to stimulate Canadian-produced radical films in the near future.

A group of actors recently fired from Simon Fraser's Theatre have decided to move into the streets with the people to do revolutionary guerrilla theatre in the parks and beaches. Vancouver Street Theatre, now disbanded, was busted and banned for two years from Stanley Park last summer.

The Yellow Journal itself is new to the Vancouver scene - a revolutionary youth muckraking and agitational paper. The Georgia Straight calls itself 'established' although it hasn't yet gone 'straight'.

The VLF has organized radical lawyers in and around the Free Legal Clinic to set up a 24-hour telephone service. Five lawyers will be on tap to deal with political busts for dope, street actions etc. It looks like some of these lawyers will be the nucleus of one or two legal communes that will get into other movement activities.

VLF is also organizing medical students and a couple of radical doctors and dentists into a Medical Corps. The Corps will begin training people in basic first aid and may accompany major actions as a medical unit. A drug checking centre to protect people against bad shit is also in the offing.

A switchboard is being set up by VLF, Yippie!, Women's Liberation and TACUY to provide a centre for information about housing, political and cultural events, etc.

The Strawberry Mountain Ripoff showed us that we can't rely on hip capitalists like Little Stevie Wonder to free the culture. We will have to struggle together to take control of our own music and our own lives. The motion might begin in a big way if thousands of us get it on at The Party in Stanley Park June 27th.

Blaine and the Bay really brought people together and showed us our power and energy to fight back against repression. "Armed love" is more real and beautiful than the "Sit back and dig the good vibes" death trip that the hip capitalists lay out.

We can get it together.

We are getting it together.

Hello, again, and welcome to the third issue of Yellow Journal. Ol' number three puts us one up on Stevie Wonder, as far as the public spectacles go, but we don't really think we're in Stevie's league.

Yellow Journal is published every second Thursday (sic) by Pressgang Publishers Ltd., with offices at 137B Water Street, Gastown, Vancouver. Our phone number is 687-2114. We're not there a lot 'cause we aren't all that together as far as office hours, but you can try anyway. We might be at the offices of Peak Publications Society up at SFU. Phone 291-3597. We love copy. If you send it along with a stamped, self-addressed envelope we'll return that which we don't use. We'd prefer that you let us know who wrote it, though we won't necessarily pass the information on.

Some thoughts on how we do what we do and why we do it:

The Press Gang is a group of malcontents who are coming together to put out an alternative newspaper. We have no editor, and since the first issue we seem to have replaced our editorial board with a kind of functional anarchy. The paper is put out by all those working on a given issue, with decisions being based on a consensus of those at work. Occasionally we sit down and argue things out a little more formally, depending on the importance of the problem. After each issue we sit down again to criticize our work.

All in the name of an alternative paper. We don't call ourselves an alternative so much because we are competing with some other newspaper; more because we are interested in promoting alternatives. "Alternatives to what?" you ask, and once upon a time we would have had a handy list: war, racism, repression, pollution, unemployment, male chauvinism, imperialism. Soon the list grew so long that we began to figure it wasn't just the isolated phenomena so much as the entire fuckin' ball o' wax. Smash capitalism. Every day.

So we print alternatives. That sometimes means we just print the big news stories of the day; the state can be pretty blatant sometimes; but that can also mean that we have to dig up the more subtle stuff. We're not likely to pretend that we're objective, like a lot of newspapers we know about. We try to put our stuff into a rational context so that people are not just offered the facts behind the news, but something to do about it as well. If someone accuses us of bias, that's all right. We're biased in favor of reality. All Power to the People!

Lots of people came and went during the creation of this issue. Buck Wheat did it again. So did Ludbelly, Rose Hips, Folco, Johanna, Ugly, Malcolm, Jim Yippie, LNS, Gloria Mundi, William Blake and many others too numerous for the typewriter to remember.

SUBS

26 issues \$6 FREE to
52 issues \$11 prisoners
137 B WATER ST. VANCOUVER

Sacred Concentration Camps

The Provincial Alliance of Businessmen (Against the Poor) is a typical example of the Sacred government's methods of dealing with the problems they themselves have created through their economic and social policies. Unemployment is rising, so how do they treat the "unfortunate" who have lost their jobs and can't find new ones? Do they treat the unemployed as citizens of their province in a time of need? No, they treat them as *things*, as a source of cheap labor to be taken advantage of.

The Social Credit government, through its Provincial Alliance of Businessmen (Against the Poor), is building CONCENTRATION CAMPS for the unemployed of this province. These concentration camps take the form of "work projects" where various provincial buildings, parks, etc. are constructed at non-union (scab) wages. A person who is unemployed must take any job found for him/her no matter what the job or where it is. Otherwise he/she gets cut off welfare.

At present a pilot project is going on at Vancouver Island. Thirteen workers are helping to build a provincial park at Rathrevor Beach for \$5.25 a day plus trailer accommodation and food. \$40 of the \$100 a month is held back until the end of the project, which goes on for ten months. One person has quit because of the prison-camp atmosphere.

And meanwhile, while the people who are supposedly benefiting from this venture are getting such lousy wages, the organization itself (that is, the P.A.B.) has been given five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000) for "operation expenses" and is asking for another half million more.

There are 90,000 people on welfare in B.C. A naive person (like ourselves) might ask why this 500,000 to one million dollars is not simply given directly to the people who need it. This would be potentially over \$11.00 per person. But the Social Credit government (like all other capitalist governments) does not work this way. The Social Credit Government does not exist for the benefit of the poor people of this province. It exists for the benefit of the rich people of this province. The Provincial Alliance of Businessmen is a provincial alliance FOR businessmen. It is an organization designed to help businessmen keep control over the burgeoning number of unemployed in this province.

The P.A.B. is staffed by men like Norman Delmonico, formerly an official in the highways department; Douglas Stewart, Gagliardi's 1963 campaign manager; Ron Price, son of a former Social Credit MLA; and, of course, Flyin' Phil Gagliardi himself. This is known as political patronage. This is where the public's money, allotted for welfare, goes in generous amounts. Back into the pockets of the Social Credit Party.

In this province there is no public welfare, only public control (by the rich). What goes under the name of "welfare" is merely a method for making sure that a small amount of money is redistributed from the taxpayer (i.e. the middle-income family) to the poor, rather than as it should be, all money redistributed from the rich to the poor. There are two groups in this city organizing around the problems of the unemployed. The UCWIC (Unemployed Citizens Welfare Improvement Council) has its office at 1726 West 7th and can be phoned at 731-0131. TACUY (The Action Committee of Unemployed Youth), a more militant and youth-oriented organization, can be reached at 738-4422. If you are unemployed, join these organizations and work with them. POWER TO THE POOR PEOPLE!



Panther Banned, Genocide Legalized

"Weekend Magazine" of Saturday the 16th reports that a reporter doing a story on the Black Panther Party was prevented from bringing copies of the party newspaper into Canada. He was told that the paper was classified by the government as "hate literature".

This was one month before the new amendment to the Criminal Code banning hate literature was passed. From this it is possible to get a pretty clear idea of how the new law will be used.

The bill makes it illegal to advocate "genocide" or "incite hatred" either by statements in public places or communicated written statements against any "identifiable group". The "identifiable group" is "any section of the public distinguished by color, race, religion, or ethnic origin."

A government which has participated in cultural genocide against Indians and native peoples for a hundred years has decided to make the promotion of genocide illegal. What does it matter when that genocide still in fact continues every day because of a racist power structure?

This is one more law to limit freedom of expression. One more law to make us be careful when we speak or write, to water down what we have to say.

It was originally sponsored because of incidents of hate crimes by Nazis here in Canada against Jews.

But there are many different kinds of hatred in Canada. It is useless to make the expression of this hatred illegal. The reasons for the hatred must be sought out and confronted, not covered over by a law which makes it a crime to express emotions.

There are groups of people in Canada which are holding back the political and cultural development of the people. It is human to "hate" these groups, to call for other people to "hate" them, and to move to get these people out of the way.

Now the government has moved, even before this bill was passed into law, to ban literature calling for the removal of a white racist power structure. And by doing so, the government has proven itself to be just such an "identifiable group".

FLASH-LATE NEWS FLASH-LATE NEWS

Derek Mallard, head of SPEC and employee of SFU, is now known only as head of SPEC. Mallard was fired from his job at SFU for allegedly spending too much time on extra-curricular activities...i.e., SPEC. Usually reliable sources at Simon Fraser claim that this information was obtained by tapping his office phone. It seems that whenever anyone attempts to embarrass the powers that be, his livelihood is threatened. More next issue, if we don't lose our means of livelihood.

-The Press Gang

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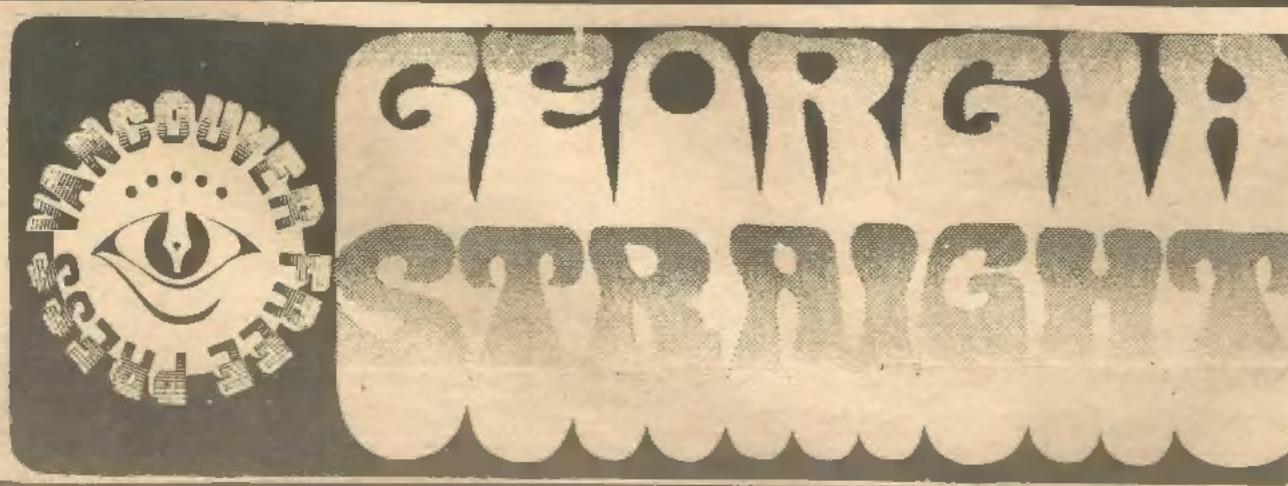
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page 2 yellow journal thursday, april 28, 1970



**FREE! COME TO
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VANCOUVER LIBERATION FRONT...TOTALLY FREE

People's Defense Fund

Since the street action a couple of weeks ago and the large dope busts within the last month and a half most people don't have to be educated to the fact that it's all too easy to fall into the thorny clutches of Kanada's legal machinery.

A lot of the people ripped off in Vancouver's police inspired riot May 8 are innocent but under Canadian law they must spend hundreds of dollars to prove that fact. Hundreds of dollars hip, poor, and working people don't have or can't afford.

There's a lot of talk going around nowadays about how the situation in Kanada is a lot cooler than that in mad Amerika, about how we still have a responsive government, and all that shit. Yet even in Amerika, the bastion of creeping Fascism, bail funds are legal - but in good ol' frigid Kanada they are illegal. This means that if you can't get out of the stalag on your own recognizance or you don't have rich friends to put up your bail you must remain in jail until your trial (there are many cases of individuals spending several hundred days in the slams only to have the prosecutor drop all charges when the "criminal" finally got to trial). In Amerika, at least, the people can free you if they each contribute to a bail fund.

Innocent until proven guilty? does anyone still believe that myth?

Some brothers and sisters, in Vankouver, have started a PEOPLE'S DEFENCE FUND for the people captured after the Bay Sip-in May 8. The fund isn't for bail; it is to pay for the adequate legal defence of those busted so that they can prove that they are NOT GUILTY'

The Fund's founders hope that it will become an ongoing community project so that it can serve as a resource for people ripped off for political crimes (including dope) in the future. The Fund may not have much money in it at all times, but it will exist as a legal entity the next time some brothers and sisters are scooped. All of us need the PEOPLE'S DEFENCE FUND to fall back on when we can't raise enough bread for a lawyer (the ones who believe in YOU and really care about your freedom).

If THE PEOPLE'S DEFENCE FUND is to be successful it needs the support of everybody. The trial of those busted May 8 are coming up within a month, so it's important that as many people as possible contribute to the FUND immediately. It could easily have been you that's going to trial.

Don't wait until you're busted before you realize the importance of the PEOPLE'S DEFENCE FUND.

Support the brothers and sisters ripped off May 8
-- NOW!!

Send donation to the:
PEOPLE'S DEFENCE FUND
3015 CHARLES STREET
VANCOUVER, B.C.

Or drop them off at:
GEORGIA STRAIGHT OFFICE
65A POWELL STREET

Or the:
YELLOW JOURNAL OFFICE
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Make sure all cheques are made out to the
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OUTSIDE AGITATORS

The Establishment media reacted with shock to the Battle of the Bay and the Invasion of Amerikkka. They freaked at the sight of people going free to Strawberry Fair and especially about what happened when some freaks started *living* free inside it.

They can't believe that their children hate them and love one another instead. It fucks them up and they try to create conspiracy theories. Remember Chicago. The name of the game is to make the people think that their own impulses to act in the same way are really the result of a plot engineered by some deep dark mysterious band of manipulative foreign agents who brainwash them into demanding freedom.

Hitler blamed all the rebellions of German workers on 'alien Jews'. LBJ used to mouth on about the Yellow Peril and the Chinese-North Vietnamese outside agitation in South Vietnam.

Stevie Wonder and partner Dennis Jackson joined the game by claiming that the "yippies" were a small group of thirty (although he admits that 4000 went free to his Fair, 500 invaded Amerikkka etc.) and that 22 of them were "American draft dodgers" importing their trip into nice peaceful non-racist Canada.

In Toronto, pig mayor Dennison claimed that the trashing demonstration at the U.S. consulate over Cambodia and Kent State of 5000 people was a conspiracy which "seems to have come from the USA."

One of these days the pigs in the media and the power structure are going to catch on that the conspiracy isn't imported from anywhere — it's worldwide. Everywhere people are breaking down the bullshit that separated them from their true brothers and sisters in Cambodia, Vietnam, Quebec, Black Amerikka and right here in Vancouver. Hundreds of AfroAmerican deserters are fighting side by side by the NLF in Vietnam. In Israel, a mass demonstration of revolutionary Jewish students chanted "We are all Palestinian Arabs" to protest the racist attitudes of their government that blames all dissent against the Israeli state as a creation of outside Arab agitators. In the 1930's thousands of people from all over the globe fought Fascism in the Spanish Civil War.

The revolution is alive and well in Vancouver. We are going to make it ourselves.

WOODSTOCK

"This is the mind fucker of all time."

That's how John Sebastian described the Woodstock Music and Art Fair.

And it's an appropriate description of the movie Woodstock now playing at Vancouver's Downtown theatre.

Great music. Good vibes. Important lessons. If you can afford it, or crash it, don't miss it.

A trip.

Take along a whole bunch of friends, cause this flick is three exhilarating hours of sound and light, a beautiful trip. Too much, really, to be shown in a regular theatre. With the audience sitting quietly in neat rows. You'll want to jump up and down, and dance, and sing, and shout, and clap, and hug your neighbour.

Mucis was Woodstock's main attraction, and most of the movie is devoted to it.

There's Joan Baez, and Ritchie Havens, and Joe Cocker, as well as John Sebastian. Arlo Guthrie, singing "Coming into Los Angeles" comes on much better than in Alice's Restaurant.

Sha Na Na does an hilarious take-off on the music of the fifties with their version of "At the Hop." Though a little off key, Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young are very good for a group performing for only the second time ("we're scared shitless!" they confess).

Country Joe and the Fish perform the drug songs and anti-war songs that are their trademark, including "Vietnam Rag." (Their musical and political intensity led one critic to call them "the one group truly representative of the strange new generation of The Seventies.")

Santana is explosive. They offer a great sample of their sound, which Carlos Santana describes as "music to make love by - raw and basic." And the inimitable The Who perform part of their rock opera "Tommy."

The sleeper of the whole trip is the English group Ten Years After. Though they arrived unheralded at Woodstock they just about tear the movie screen apart with what has been called "pure rhythmic orgasm." Their unique sound is described by Alvin Lee, vocalist-lead guitarist, as "blues-based rock with jazz tendencies."

Last performer is Jimi Hendrix, whose version of "Star Spangled Banner" is a mind blower.

While the music is incredible, the trip has another element - the camera work. Excellent. The photos must have been stoned too. Filmed in beautiful colour, it's all pieced together using overlapping, double framing, split screen and other techniques which enrich the original performances and lighting and make them all the more incredible.

A documentary.

There were half a million beautiful people (freaks?) at the Woodstock festival. No wonder the musicians and cameramen and technicians got off. No wonder they fly so high. No wonder most everyone watching the movie will.

But Woodstock is more than a fantastic sight and sound trip.

The festival was more than music, and the movie tries to pick up on some of the other stuff.

Like early preparations for the festival, and logistical problems, and backstage goings on.

Like impromptu music made with sticks and cans and stones. Like playing on a mudslide, and swimming nude in the lake, and balling in the grass, and blowing dope.

There are interviews with organizers and performers and freaks and cops and people from the nearby town.

There are glimpses of the downers, too. A girl in tears. Lost and lonely in a crowd of half a million. The rain, mud, bad trips and inadequate facilities that had the festival declared a disaster area.

But mostly it's beautiful. Half a million people celebrating the life culture of rock music and communal living.



"woodstock is beautiful"

1st week

New York Trans Lux East 1516 seats	\$65,654
Boston Chen J 769 seats	\$40,117
Coral Gables Coral 1000 seats	\$25,429
Los Angeles Fox Wilshire 1400 seats	\$40,400
Washington, D.C. Cinemas 1000 seats	\$44,252
Dallas Preston Royal 1000 seats	\$25,030
Toronto Uptown I 1000 seats	\$30,658

(how beautiful can you get?)

A Film by Michael Wadleigh - from Warner Bros.

Few People Are "Woodstock" - "People" One of the highest grossing movies in movie history is being charged those interested in seeing the Warner Brothers film version of the Largest Free Show in History, Woodstock. Tickets have been preventing the high ticket price (\$4.00 in Los Angeles, \$3.00 in New York City). Producers state that the price is high due to the theatrical guarantees the producers are having with their stars. As Little Steven said recently, "It's like Viva Vida." Since the price doesn't meet the people.

A message?

Does the movie show how the life culture can grow?

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young in the movie's theme song:

And I dreamed I saw the bomber jet planes
Riding shotgun in the sky
And they were turning into butterflies
Above our nation

Can this transformation be more than a dream?

"There ain't gonna be no fuck up. This is gonna work," says John Sebastian.

But the film makes it apparent that "good vibes" alone cannot make the transformation.

Several hundred thousand people chant "No rain! No rain!" It pours. They sing "Vietnam Rag" with Country Joe. But the war continues.

Those several hundred thousand people had to endure mud, traffic jams and inadequate facilities.

Why? Because the life culture escapes repression only when in large numbers. And because the life culture is being preyed upon by culture vultures, the hip capitalists who lay the money - recording star trip on us.

Several times during the movie the promoters of the festival are seen talking about a huge financial loss.

Don't be sucked in. Big money is being made right before your eyes.

Warner Bros., to take the most obvious example, stands to make more than \$20 million. (And why don't you see and hear Janis Joplin, Jefferson Airplane, and other greats who were at the festival in the movie? Cause they're not with Warner Bros.)

So you know why you'll be asked to pay \$2.50 or \$3.00 to see this movie.

Sure, it's "worth it" in the conventional sense. Its much better than an ordinary film.

But dig this. Our culture is being ripped off, packaged, and sold back to us.

And that, John Sebastian, is a fuck up.

Eldridge Cleaver once said "You're either part of the problem or you're part of the solution." Stevie Wonder, chief promoter of Strawberry Mountain Fair, is part of the problem. The energy of the youth culture is part of the solution.

Vancouver's establishment press doesn't see it that way. The Sun, Province, TV and radio used the rhetoric of 'hip exploiters' and the 'hype of hip capitalists selling useless trappings of "the culture" at exorbitant (sic) prices' to put down everything the people did at the rip-off. When has the Sun ever attacked good ol' fashioned straight capitalism?

Neville Cox, mayor of Mission, jumped onto the hypocritical anti-hip capitalist bandwagon with an attack on the 'greedy, avaricious people with no regard for the consequences of their actions,' ie, the promoters. In the same breath he spilled out his real fears: 'Bare breasted women are all right in a nudist camp, but they don't belong in public. There is a time and place for everything. The Fair was an excuse for an orgy, drugs, and booze.' Consequences of Stevie's actions? They were our actions baby. Dig it.

When challenged about the estimated \$80,000 plus he and his partners collected in profits, Stevie tried to pass the buck. It's the only buck he has let slip through his fingers that week.

"When I arrived here three years ago from Quebec, I couldn't have told you whether you smoked marijuana or took it in the arm. Now I know (and he names the high schools) you can buy it right out of the lockers for \$1.00 a joint. That's the real problem."

Stevie baby, how much is given away, shared, distributed for Free among friends and brothers and sisters. Stevie tries to justify his colossal rip-off antics by claiming rip-off's are inherently part of the hip culture. Wrong culture baby.

No one will deny that Strawberry Mountain was a rip-off. And a bummer if you went for the music and believed you were making a pilgrimage to the Nation. But some nice things were happening. And a lot of shit.

One of the nice things that happened was the fact that a helluva lot of people refused to be intimidated by RCMP, biker patrols, and ticket collectors. Stevie himself estimates 4,000 unpaid audience. That could be shit, because tickets were sold and re-sold at the gates. But even two thousand people who refused to pay is a pretty heavy conspiracy.

Dennis Jackson, No. 2 partner in the rip-off, suspects that the gate crashers were organized by the Vancouver Liberation Front and Yippee! to systematically lower his profits. Man, nobody has to organize a conspiracy that's down on rip-offs.

A lot of the good stuff that was happening was happening in spite of the hype radio staging. There was free music wandering among the people Sunday morning. There was sharing of food and shelter. There was sharing of good dope and smooth acid. There was a real sense of community happening in the scattered campsites that forgot about the musical showcase and concentrated on surviving and making themselves comfortable in spite of the fractured and atomized atmosphere of the organized togetherness. There were bodies taking in the sun and digging it. Together people walked into and out of the space before the stage and back to the affinity groups they came with or built to spite the shit.

The shit was pretty heavy. Concessions selling food at high profit rates. Bad dope (an ounce of alfalfa was sold for \$12, mescaline caps filled with baking soda for \$1.50, spiked acid for \$2) ran the rounds and a few people had to be hospitalized for bummers. Contradictions between what the Fair was supposed to be and what it was were heavy. A white Thunderbird with doors thrown open blaring Beach Boy's at top volume in the middle of a cold and wet and sleeping pile of people in the mud. A black woman selling slices of watermelon at 25 cents a piece. Toilets were clogged, water was scarce, and the bands were denied the continuity they need to be effective agents of togetherness. The day before the fair, Little Stevie hyped over the radio about the golden sunshine weekend; the other stations were predicting rain.

There is a valuable lesson to be learned from the weekend. The people of the culture have no need of hip exploiters to express their culture. VLF and Yippee! called for a demonstration outside the gates of Strawberry Rip-off to discuss alternatives. The meeting was cancelled for several reasons (see accompanying article). People are trying to pull together a free festival for the end of June, a festival which will not burn brothers and sisters, will not exploit the culture. Little Stevie and the hip promoters might as well be dead. They shot their load and made the predictable obvious. Part of the problem or part of the solution. Dig it.



A demonstration called for 1am the afternoon of Strawberry Mountain Fair didn't materialize. Wha' happen?

Early in May, representatives from the Vancouver Liberation Front and Yippee! met with Little Stevie Wonder (Stevie Grossman) to discuss making the Strawberry Mountain Fair a non- or minimal-profit venture to serve the community instead of exploiting it. The first meeting was pretty straight. VLF and Yippee! explained that cultural rip-offs were not any cooler than any other brand of exploitation and asked Stevie to consider directing whatever excess

profits he accrued back into the community. Stevie responded by telling VLF and Yippee! that capital investment in Coast Records was his idea of serving the community.

At the same meeting, it was suggested that VLF would be hired on to supply whatever "security" arrangements were considered necessary. Stevie readily agreed to supply walkie-talkies, a tent, first aid gear, and all the fancy shit for directing traffic. Yippee! was to back-up VLF. There was no agreement reached about making the festival a non-profit event, but it was obvious to Stevie that Yippee! and VLF would ensure that it would be non-profit if he held to his verbal agreement with them about supplying "security". Before the meeting broke up, Stevie promised to open his books to the community as soon as the festival was over. O yeah?

Strawberry Ripoff with VLF security. Dig it. There was no way that was going to happen. The contradiction between self-interest and community service was just too wide for Stevie to compass. His first meeting with VLF/Yippee! was a PR gesture to mollify his audience, that great untapped pocketbook of hip consumers.

VLF's concept of security was to have nothing to do with protecting the promoters from the public. It was explained as a community project in survival. Street fighting workshops, legal and medical instruction, information on diet and foods. Anything that let the community in on the ways and means of self-defence and survival.

At the same time as he was rapping with VLF/Yippee!, Little Stevie was arranging for Satan's Angels and off-duty army officers to handle "security". He preferred to protect himself from his people over protecting his people from him. The underground didn't become aware of these arrangements until three days before the Ripoff. Later for that.

Until this spring, the Straight was the only voice of the culture in Van. Close ties with hip capital began to deprive the Straight of anti-capital political significance. The Journal began appearing in the spring. The second issue of the Journal contained two articles attacking the hip capitalist promoters of Strawberry Ripoff and suggesting that the culture be served rather than exploited. The same issue called for an action at Blaine and a sit-in at the Bay. Friday, the same day of the Pig riot, VLF/Yippee! held a press conference calling for the symbolic invasion of Amerika on Saturday.

VLF/Yippee! were spontaneous generations out of the March 14 anti-repression march in Van. The whole action was so together that organization of the collective-culture in Van became feasible. Both movements had been busy since March pulling their shit together, but hadn't demonstrated their political significance until a week after the first meeting with Strawberry Steve. Friday, May 8, saw the action which provoked the Pig riot. Saturday saw the invasion of Amerika. VLF and Yippee! were for real. The class war is on, from both sides. Dig it.

Stevie did.

Next meeting, Stevie brought one of his partners with him. Reps from VLF and Yippee! houses confronted the two hip capitalists with demands for refunds on tickets already purchased, and drastic price reductions on the tickets that had not been sold yet. It was heavy. Slowly, the meeting degenerated into hassles about where the profits would go. Jackson repeated the line about Coast Records. There was some shit about Coolaid getting 10% of the profits, but that sounded so much like a tax dodge that no one took it seriously. Stevie mumbled something about the profits being rediverted into the culture by holding free concerts in Stanley Park over the summer. Only a few could bring themselves to believe him. VLF/Yippee! had been fucked over by the hype hips... it seemed. It was a bummer.

Two days later, word got out that bikers and off-duty Army people had been hired as security for the ripoff. The promoters were uptite as uptite can be. The same day, 5000 flyers calling for a demonstration outside the gates of the festival appeared on the streets. The SFU paper called on people to attend a counter festival, same time, same place. Rumors about Altamont No. 2 began spreading.

Thursday night, VLF/Yippee! held an emergency meeting and decided to cancel the demonstration. Later this decision was to be reversed. They phoned Stevie to ask for air time to recall the leafleting. He refused. Then they arranged to meet with the bikers. The situation looked dangerous. Hired bikers had invited area clubs to join them at the Ripoff. Over 100 bikers were expected. RCMP pigs had been called from all over the province into the Van area because of expected labor "problems," and hadn't been able to work out their riot strategy on a live audience. The Army freaks were something else. A little reading on riot control tells you where they are at. In addition, experience at Blaine had put people uptite about

armed vigilantes, feeling over Kent State was still high, and the prospect of a 1000 faced demonstration with all that heaviness around was frightening. Although it looked like no mass invasion would be called, the idea of free entrance was active.

Friday, VLF met with Satan's Angels and drove out to the site. They drove thru four RCMP checkpoints before they came to the gate. There they met Silent, the third partner. The bikers were cool, VLF were cool, but the promoters were uptite. Dig it. VLF and Satan's Angels both realized the extent to which they had been fucked over by Stevie and his boys. The Angels had not been informed of either the planned demonstration or the strength of VLF/Yippee! Stevie says there are 30. O yeah?

It was clear that the bikers and VLF were being played off against one another. VLF and the bikers did not see each other as enemies and attempts at mystification of both groups were dispelled immediately. Stevie, for instance, had informed VLF that the bikers were to be paid for their services by means of a club-house which would be forfeited if anyone got in free. The actuality was a fixed \$30 per day and the beer and wine concession. The lie was typical of Stevie's whole approach to negotiations. It is not difficult to imagine what bullshit he fed the bikers about VLF and Yippee.

VLF decided not to call off the demonstration publicly, and to scout the situation on Saturday to decide on tactics.

Over the radio on Friday, while other stations were forecasting rain, Stevie was inviting all the \$10's to a golden sunshine weekend.

Friday there was a TV special on the Ripoff. Stevie announced to an apprehensive audience that he had hired ex-GI's, people experienced in... ah... bouncing, and that his relationship with the RCMP was not all that could be expected. At the same time, people were walking into the site. Some free, some paid.

Saturday morning. RCMP buzzing up and down the highway, in line with other cars, standing checking over freaks and straights, looking out for VLF and Yippee cars. One VLF car was stopped three miles from the site, and the driver questioned and made to unload the car of everything. By one, a small crowd had gathered about the dike that was topped by a ticket booth, bikers and Dennis Jackson (armed). The promoters were scared. They sold tickets to most of the people that had gathered for whatever price the people wanted to pay. Some paid the full \$10.00, some paid \$1.50. The strategy of just letting people gather until there were enough to demand a voice was effectively smashed. So uptite. Then people caught on to the ticket-selling process, gathered stubs, distributed them to brothers and sisters around the gate, and hundreds walked in on free tickets. The bikers were frustrated by the inadequate set-up they were expected to protect. Meanwhile, there was a steady stream of people pouring in from all directions. Over the dike to the east and west, by boat, thru the gate in a crowd of ticketed people. It was working. The alternative to being ripped off at the gate was walking in free. Or driving in free. One VLF truck loaded to the roof with Yellow Journals drove past Jackson and into the site, waved on and grinned past by bikers. Dig it.

There is little point in talking about what happened inside the site. It's covered somewhere else (see other article). There is some point in talking about why. Like why was there bad dope, bad acid, burn-off mesc. Little Stevie says that the real problem is dope. No. The real problem is the rip-off artists and the legal, moral, and real society that fosters the screw-your-brother and I'm-all-right attitudes and values. Those values are capitalist values, and are a direct and unequivocal contradiction of the brother and sisterhood of man. Anyone who rips-off his brothers is a pig; anyone who condones and encourages exploitation of his brothers is a pig.

Stevie and Jackson talked about the money they intended to collect, and did collect, as their money. Come off it man, that money doesn't belong to anyone. That money is a means of exchange which they are attempting to monopolize. That money should be used to feed, house and clothe our brothers and sisters, it shouldn't prevent them from being fed.

There are alternatives. Different ways of distributing goods and different ways of utilizing the means of exchange. Different ways of sharing experience. Different ways of serving ourselves and all our brothers and sisters. And we are working them out. On a very simple level, we have to work them out.

All the little Stevens are not going to change, buy, or co-opt our culture, because our culture is going to win, on its own terms. But we gotta make it win. Their culture is dying. Count the pigs they need to keep it going. But we must make the alternatives available before they fall. Dig it.

Free the culture.

The Party. Stanley Park. June 27-28.

HOW MISS ROSS

CONFRONTED HER KNITTING NEEDLES
AND FOUND TRUE HAPPINESS!



303. Every one is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to imprisonment for life who, with intent to procure the miscarriage of any woman, whether she is or is not with child, unlawfully administers to her or causes to be taken by her any drug or other noxious thing, or unlawfully uses on her any instrument or other means whatsoever with the like intent.

304. Every woman is guilty of an indictable offence and liable to seven years imprisonment who, whether with child or not, unlawfully administers to herself any drug or other noxious thing, or unlawfully uses on herself or permits to be used on her any instrument or other means whatsoever with intent to procure miscarriage.

Criminal Code of Canada

MY ILLEGAL ABORTION

by MARGARET DOUGLAS

Trying to put down in letters, words and commas the emotional experience of seeking out an abortion and then going through with it is strange and difficult. All the indecisiveness and pain of a month ago, in my particular case, all seems unreal now and to try and convey what, where, and when is a strain.

Our socialization is such that we repress all experiences unpleasant and thus deny their effect upon us. It is all a game and we can very easily just "pretend it didn't happen". Society is ready to pat us on the head and wipe the pain from our eyes if we play it that way, "it's all over now baby blue" — forget it. But to deny that part of our lives is a lie.

Although the 'suspense' is lost for you, this is a brief rundown of what happened in my head and to me when I discovered I was pregnant and sought an abortion.

As usual the first warning was the lack of a period, but in my case that wasn't particularly freaky so I continued on my merry way, actually pleased that it hadn't arrived because it is a big drag. A year ago in June I had a "D & C", and a tumour was removed from my womb, which according to medical science, rendered me sterile and only if I had an operation would I have a chance of bearing children. So pregnancy was really the furthest thing from my mind as a reality. But I daydreamed about being pregnant and what it would feel like to have a child inside of me and the whole mystified, romantic trip. I think I even wished I was pregnant unconsciously just to reinforce my sexuality. No matter how logically you try to understand it, the socialization process keeps throwing up "motherhood" as being an intrinsic part of sexuality. That is really hard to break down, not just to the point where you understand how wrong and screwed-up that is but to where you really know it is and are confident of yourself.

Soon the dream began to become more of a reality as my body started to change and my breasts grew larger and sore. But this was only for very brief periods of the day that pregnancy was real. Most of the time I knew I wasn't, couldn't be, could I? At the time several women I knew were pregnant and were trying to deal with that and so I found it easier to worry about and submerge myself in their problems rather than confront my own growing fears.

Every day women discover they are pregnant and cannot go through with the pregnancy because of many varied reasons. The reasons to me are unimportant. A woman should have the right to control her own body and determine her own destiny. She should not be moved like a pawn in a chess game by the government for their own exploitative reasons and ego trips. Women must realize that abortion does not have to be an isolated, individualized process; that we can all work together to confront and demand from the government and hospitals free abortions; that only by political change will we solve the problem for always and for

everybody — not just white, rich women and not just isolated cases where due to a combination of luck, money and stamina the problem is solved for one woman. We must see abortion not just as terminating an unwanted pregnancy but in the wider context of the struggle for women's liberation and the liberation of all people. Alone, I am afraid and hesitant — together we can be strong and sure.

I then decided I was pregnant and that it was a good thing, beautiful miraculous gift etc. That reasoning lasted for about three or four hours. I supported it by telling myself that abortion was reformist and that it was far more revolutionary to bring a child into the world and struggle for day care and social responsibility for children. I still hadn't accepted the reality that I would be bringing a human being into this world in 1970 and what that meant politically, economically and emotionally to me. Also that I would be manipulating another being's life when I had no control over my own. On an individualistic ego trip I saw myself nursing a baby, helpless and completely dependent on me. I would be important to somebody and somehow life would be better. Easy prey to Gerber and Johnson & Johnson commercials, they had done me in.

I, I, I. Me, me, me. 'I' just seems to stick out. You automatically shut your mind off to other people because they are biologically detached from what is happening to you and you think in terms of I. You are isolated and alone, no matter how much support is given. Bed at night means lying wide awake for hours with your mind screaming what the hell should I do and I want to go home and hold my mother and cry and cry and maybe she'll say everything is alright and not to be afraid. I had really strong fantasies about that. I don't pretend to understand them but I do know that it was sick and perverted in that it was revenge I sought — rather than my having a real dependency upon her. I wanted to resolve my guilt by forcing her to admit that I was no longer her virgin baby girl.

I was two people. One of me was pregnant, the other was sitting back counselling the pregnant me what to do. Pregnant me was playing these emotional mind-fuck games while the other began to deal with the mechanics of finding an abortionist, not yet totally accepting the reality of my pregnancy.

Deciding finally and totally that I was pregnant and wanted an abortion, I set about finding an abortionist. It seemed that every lead and contact I got was a dead-end, and after two weeks of frustration I was ready for Essondale. The frustration culminated in anger — anger that I and all my sisters are faced with this humiliating and sordid experience. Legal abortions were an unrealistic alternative since only a minute percentage of women applying ever manage finally to get one. So either go to the States for a therapeutic and pay \$500 and be safe or find an illegal abortionist and god knows what.

I did the latter and after another week of shit it finally happened: I made a contact. I made arrangements to meet this person and psyched myself up to the inevitable. I went through a hundred changes on my way there and resigned myself to the fact that this might well end up in my death. The dramatics and tension were totally out of proportion to the reality, but I had the whole thing mystified.

Freaked out but determined I met the abortionist and was put through the "Are you a policewoman" trip. All I wanted was to get the goddamn thing over with but the first meeting was only to establish my status and see if I was cool. So back home crying out of thankfulness for the two day reprieve and uptightness because I felt drained and I knew I would never get the strength again. The one consolation was that the abortionist was a good person. I felt much relieved that I was dealing with a human being — not the monster I had imagined.

So two days later and the same build-up as before. Back I went and had the abortion. I was lucky, 48 hours later it was all over with only four hours of real pain and discomfort. Some complications followed due mainly to this particular type of abortion which is the decatherter method and certainly not recommended. It has a high chance of infection, which I got, and hemorrhaging and one usually ends up having to get cleaned up in a hospital. This method also involves the physical pain of the body discharging the fetus.

I am no longer pregnant, but angrier than ever. My anger is not as coloured now — I realize the real pain of an abortion is not the physical, but the mental torture a woman is forced to go through.

an abortion information centre is held by Women's Caucus every Tuesday night at 7:30 p.m., 307 W. Broadway, Room 6 — or phone 879-9722.

WOMEN POWER TO THE WOMEN PEOPLE

After travelling for 11 days across Canada, picking up women from all across the country, we finally arrived in Ottawa. Meeting with our sisters in a shopping centre we proceeded to cavalcade through the town. The response we got was overwhelming. People lined up outside their houses and on the streets, giving us V's, fists and waves and shouting encouragement for our venture.

Next day at 1:30, after an open rally outside parliament, we held an open meeting in the Railway Room of the Parliament Buildings to present a brief to Trudeau, Munro and Turner. None of the government officials were there. Trudeau was on the eve of his mid-Pacific tour, Munro was at a World Health Conference in Geneva (where, however, he was met by 50 Austrian women reminding him of the health of women in Canada) and Turner was out playing tennis. The only MP's who were there were Grace McInnis, David Lewis and Lorne Nystrom (all NDers) plus the Conservative butterfly Gerald Baldwin complete in mustard jacket and flashy tie.

Judy D'Arcy of Toronto Women's Liberation read a brief and Grace McInnis addressed the house. The best she could say was that she was "solidly behind" us but that she did not believe abortion would be removed from the Criminal Code unless we got petitions from all across Canada and presented them to the government. This, she said, would take two years. Women jumped up to their feet and immediate cries of "That's too late" and "We can't wait" greeted this last luke-warm proposal.

Doris Powers capped off the afternoon, speaking of her experience as a welfare mother, who upon seeking an abortion was generously granted a sterilization. "We the poor of Canada are dirt shoved under the rug of a vicious economy" and "I am not a young woman. I'm not one of the women who sang on the way up here, because I don't have a goddamned thing to sing about." This was the high point of the afternoon and after some more talking and more speeches we decided to march to Trudeau's house in order to present him with the coffin. Trudeau, of course, was not there and after pushing past the pigs at the gate and being stopped by the ones around the house, we decided to wait on the lawn and tried to get a government official from the house. None appeared (except for a gum-chewing, pink-cheeked Gordon Gibson, oozing with grease and phony concern). So after about an hour of arguing with the pigs and various exchanges back and forth, we decided to take the coffin to the house. This we did, with a heavy police escort, and placed the tools of a hack abortionist on top of the coffin.

On Monday, we went into the last phase of our action — direct confrontation of the government in parliament. Thirty-six of us got into the galleries, and chaining ourselves to the chairs proceeded to disrupt parliament. At first we were not taken seriously, but, as more and more women got up to speak, and the guards were unable to stop us, the MP's became increasingly disturbed. Shouting cries of "Whores!" "Sluts!" and other goodies from a male chauvinist repertoire, some of them rushed up into the galleries and the speaker was finally forced to adjourn parliament.

Outside a support demonstration was going on and when our sisters came out of parliament smiling and walking arm-in-arm we knew that the action had been successful and the first in-road on parliament was made.

Next day, on TV, Turner said the reason he had not met with us was because we had not negotiated about a time to meet and that two women from Vancouver had met with him on Friday the 8th. These were totally false statements. We had informed Turner as early as two weeks before the action about the open meeting on May 9. Also, the only women meeting with him were two New Feminists from Toronto. Obviously the tennis games of bureaucracy were more important than the women of Canada.

However, we believe that despite Turner's prediction — two years of red tape without any action — our action in Ottawa was successful. Although the government officials weren't there, the women of Canada have finally been heard — at least by the people of the country — and the first declaration of war has been made with the first exposure of Parliament. The form that this declaration of war will take is actions in hospitals all across Canada to force the officials to be responsible to the women they supposedly serve. We will not be stopped by red tape or other measures of diversion. All power to the people! Women-power to the women-people!



BROTHER BADMOUTH

Authentic rhythm and blues is very hard to come by these days what with all the musical changes that have come about in the last few years. In the late '50s and early '60s I used to listen to a Nashville radio station, WLAC, where even the commercials were sung by Bo Diddley (Royal Crown hair dressing, Royal Crown hair dressing, doo didy wah wah, Royal Crown hair . . .). This station and other race record, or black, stations throughout the east and midwest (mostly all owned and operated by one major white company, naturally; in fact, recently, I heard WLAC again and after the musical programming went off early in the morning, there was a broadcast of a rightwing southern group which is overtly racist in orientation; it's okay to make your bread off the blacks, but keepin' them in their place is another trip) played such groups as the Clovers, the Ink Spots, Clyde McPhatter, the Drifters, and others that only the black community was really familiar with, such as Baby Washington.

Then about 1957, Ray Charles started to be played by the white top 40 stations and people began to say things like, "They sure can sing, can't they". Ray Charles was around years before all that, but it took white radio pigs that long to understand the capacity for capitalization on black cats like Charles.

So then the battle of the bands thing began, and the Platters would be pitted against dudes like Gary U.S. Bonds, Ernie Kadoe, etc. In the meantime, James Brown and Hank Ballard (who wrote and sang the Twist long before Chubby Checker was ever introduced by Mr. Amerika, Dick Clark) were still being heard almost exclusively by black audiences, both on radio and live. James Brown, in fact, recorded in Cincinnati, Ohio for King records and would, therefore, play concerts there from time to time. These were the days when only the black guys would be singing "Please, Please, Please" on the streets, and the white guys would just look and smile at those "silly spades". For some reason, however, the same whites found out quickly that it would be very profitable to play James Brown on top 40 type radio, and, thus, whitey also began singing "Please, Please, Please", even in good old redneck country like Cincinnati. About this time (1960) Phil Upchurch, a very good musician from Chicago, made a recording, "You Can't Sit Down", Part I and II which was a hit all over. Shortly after, I tuned in American Bandstand one day and saw a black cat and chick singing "You Can't Sit Down". It was Ike and Tina Turner and they blew my mind. Thereafter, the local black stations played more and more of Ike and Tina, and Tina actually became the female counterpart of

James Brown, dreamy voice and all. But she sang her ass off, and Ike's band was the best. Well, seeing them last week sure brought back a lot of memories, and Tina, while no longer a screamer, sure sings up a storm. Ike not only is one hell of a guitar player, but his whole band simply blows everyone away. Ike, by the way, plays traditional urban blues incredibly well when he gets into it. Tina and her backup singers, The Ikettes, not only sing their asses off but dance them away, also. It was really like seeing the original R&B show things that used to come to town before they ever had any white coverage of the event. The whole thing now, however, is that Ike and Tina not only do Ike's tunes, but they do Ike's arrangements of other people's gigs like "Come Together", except they are done, invariably, much better than the originals. So, for those 200 or so people who saw the Ike and Tina Turner Revue at the Agrodome, you saw the real thing friends, believe me. Next time you listen to "Cheap Thrills", just think of Ike and Tina, because J.J. took everything she knows from them. For those of you who missed the show, try again when possible. At least, Ike and Tina got their due bread, and the promoter from Pignation wasn't able to rip off too much Canadian looty.

As for the Strawberry Fair thing, I only got there for a few hours Saturday night just in time to hear one of the best groups around, The Fourth Way. They are basically of a modern jazz background but use rock rhythms and overtones particularly in the bass and drum playing. There are also very far out voicings between the electric piano and amplified violin (including wah wah violining). I was getting very bad vibes, however, from waist deep mud, cold, and drunk people. But, then, I guess it wasn't the People's fault since they had to pay \$10 to sit in the rain and mud while the amps, or something, were being fixed and were, thus, without music for a while. Another thing is that the people running the light show were getting incredibly uptight when people passed in front of their domain. Thus, people were shoved and told to get out of the way. Who does the air and land belong to anyway? pay to groove on your own vibes.

Anyway, the Fourth Way did an adequate set despite the weather and inadequacy of the incredibly huge sound system for their type of sound. The bass and violin got distorted quite a bit, but the group managed to get through OK. The bassist, Ron McClure, is one of the best in the business, by the way, and has played with, among others, Charles Lloyd. Mike White, the violinist, has gaged with John Handy, Sun Ra, and Roland Kirk. The pianist, Mike Knock, has played with Handy and Yusef Lateef. My favorite guy in the group (because he and his Lady are so together) is Eddie Marshall, the drummer, who has gaged with Dionne Warwick, Stan Getz, and Roland Kirk. The group has a very distinctive sound, and is put together with very fine musicianship so I'm suggesting listening to their two albums, *The Fourth Way* and *The Sun and The Moon Have Come Together* (not because I'm interested in the record companies, either).

Sunday night concluded the musical entrees with the Pentangle at the Queen E. I can only say that they are an incredibly fine group, and the bassist, Danny Thompson is outstanding. His major influence is Charlie Mingus, and he extended upon many of the techniques which Mingus has provided for modern music. It's ironic that while jazz guys like Ron McClure of the Fourth Way have made extensive use of the electric bass due to rock influences, Thompson, who is playing for a crowd weened on rock, uses an upright, acoustic bass exclusively. But, that's one of the major characteristics of the Pentangle's sound, and it's right, believe me. Bert Jansch was exhausted, so many of his loyal fans were somewhat disappointed at his playing, but the rest of the group well made up for this. The female singer, Jacqui McShee, has a voice as clear as a bell and really demonstrated her fine talents as a vocalist, both in her timing and in her pitch. Pentangle will hopefully be around for a long, long time as they are a very fine group.





Jim's Store
is located at
985 Howe St.
Elizabeth's Store
is located at
995 Howe St.
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Jim's Store
she'll send you to
Elizabeth's Store
If you go to
Elizabeth's Store
she'll send you to
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1670

300 YEARS BAD

This month the Hudson's Bay Company celebrates its 300th anniversary and is bold enough to ask us to celebrate along with it. This year is also about the 470th anniversary of the first major wave of syphilis spreading across Western Europe. The *Yellow Journal* encourages its readers to give each anniversary about the same amount of excited support.

This may seem a bit hard on the Bay, given its long record of service to Vancouver, but a review of the history of that company up to the present shows that the analogy is far from ridiculous. Both the Bay and syphilis serve to shorten life and spread misery, and both could and should be cured by prompt government action. Neither likely will. The difference is that while no one benefits from syphilis, some people do benefit from the Bay. But it sure isn't you.

Reprinted from *Prairie Fire*

The Bay and Indians

Three hundred years ago this week, King Charles II of England gave a group of English businessmen the sole right to trade in what was then called Rupert's Land — what we now call northern Ontario and Quebec, all of Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and part of the Northwest Territories.

The 50,000 Indians who lived there were of no account. The British Army could be called upon to protect the commercial interests of the empire in case anyone protested. Two hundred years later, when Indians and Metis did take up arms, the British Army sent in General Middleton who had already fought East Indians and the Maoris of New Zealand when they had resisted the same exploitation in their own homelands.

The first two hundred years of the Company's history are a continuous record of rape and ruthlessness. The native peoples who had lived in relative peace for thousands of years were encouraged to fight neighboring tribes to put the HBC ahead of its competition, the Northwest Company. By these tactics the HBC drove the Northwest Company out of business and incorporated it into the Bay in 1821.

Until 1869, the HBC was absolute dictator in the west. It made laws, controlled food and travel, and ran its feudal empire with an iron hand. There are Indians alive today who remember Grandparents telling of porters for the company being savagely beaten for the slightest grumbling. At the Laloche Portage, whips were occasionally used on Indians. In the Red River Colony the Company forbade the hunting of buffalo, so the Metis would be completely dependent on the Company for food. All was for profits, and the 'ignorant savages' counted for little.

The Bay and The North

Today most Canadians know the Bay by its large urban department stores which earned over 80% of the HBC profit of \$14.7 million last year. But a separate section of the company, The Northern Stores Department, has inherited the full glory of the Bay's racist past.

The north is largely depleted of fish and fur and what little remains does not command much of a market price any more. Accordingly most Indians are completely dependent on their welfare cheques. Because there is no bank in most northern communities, the cheques can be cashed in only one place — The Bay. The Bay thus has almost every Indian at its mercy. It does not let that kind of power go unused.

The Bay decided how much of the cheque, if any, will be paid in cash, and how much will go to credit at the store for its overpriced goods. People in the north reckon that the Bay charges freight plus 25%. But what's the point in having a monopoly if you don't exploit people?

In some places the relationship is even more vicious. The HBC Post may be the Post Office as well. An Indian who rebels a bit may find that his welfare, or family allowance cheque, on which his family is dependent for survival, is 'accidentally' mislaid. It may take a month to find it, or to get a new cheque — by which time he may well be starving.

Often too, assistance cheques for food and clothing are automatically made out to the Bay. So when you look at the \$42 million the provincial

government will hand out in welfare this year, don't resent the Indians. They get little value from it. Resent the Bay which makes it a guaranteed source of profit.

The Bay and The Taxpayer

The Bay would like us to believe that it was a leader in the settling of the west. In fact, the opposite was true. The Bay tried for as long as it could to keep the west under its unchallenged control. It even went so far as to spread deliberate lies in the East, writing letters to the editors of several newspapers, describing the barrenness of the prairies which they claimed was actually a 'desert'. This was very effective for a time. After all, it was almost impossible to travel in the west without supplies from the company and they refused to provision anyone who did not stick to their story.

Around 1850 however, it was apparent that the company was in trouble. Fur sales were off, and there was an increasing desire on the part of Eastern merchant interests to make Rupert's Land a part of Canada before the U.S. expanded into the west.

The British backers of the HBC — the International Financial Society Ltd. (also the prime backers of the CPR) — decided to make one of the most spectacular deals of the last century. The HBC would give up most of Rupert's Land, which was becoming less and less useful as the fur trade fell off, in return for \$1.5 million, 7 million acres of choice fertile land, and certain tax concessions.

A few years later a second deal gave the CPR \$25 million, 25 million acres of land, and many more tax concessions. So by 1885, the Canadian taxpayer had given over \$30 million, 32 million acres of land, and a monopoly of railroading to two huge companies.

Why would the Canadian taxpayer be so generous to the Bay and the CPR? Perhaps because his government had interests other than those of the taxpayer. Over one third of the members of the first cabinet held major posts or directorships with either the HBC or railroads operating in Canada.

In 1926 the Bay got rid of over 4.5 million of the acres donated to it by us, in return for part ownership (21.9%) of Hudson's Bay Oil and Gas Ltd. which extracts oil from former HBC property. The controlling owner is Continental Oil of Delaware, a huge U.S. firm. In 1968, profit from this venture alone was \$26.7 million according to the Financial Post Corporation Service.

The Bay benefitted from the sale of land given to it and now also benefits by selling our natural resources to the Americans. The Canadian taxpayer gets very little in return for his generous donation.

The Bay and Its Employees

In 1684 Henry Kelsey signed on with the Hudson's Bay Company for a four year term in Rupert's Land. His wages for the period were 8 pounds Sterling (about 25 dollars) and two suits of clothes. Exploitation of its employees is a time-honoured HBC tradition.

The Bay has a no-union policy. The starting wage at the Bay for an inexperienced girl is \$1.25 per hour, the provincial minimum. A woman who had four years experience as a cashier at Safeway, which is organized by RWDSU, was getting \$2.27 per hour. Looking for a change, she came to the Bay. She got it

— a drop in pay of \$1.02 an hour. She quit.

The Bay works hard to keep its staff unorganized because this saves a lot of money. All the employees know is that talking about unions is a sure way to get fired. The supervisors are paid to keep an eye out for potential troublemakers. One management trainee we talked to at the Bay claimed not to know whether or not the staff was organized. Unless he was lying, he will probably not pass his course.

The company offers an employee cafeteria, staffed by equally underpaid workers, at outrageous prices. In this way the company can get back up to 10% of the meagre pay it gives its overworked employees.

In 1934, a Federal Royal Commission on Price Spreads was appointed to investigate retail stores in Canada. It found wages and conditions of work in the Bay and other major stores so bad that it recommended that the employees be encouraged to form a union. Thirty years later the Federal Government has still not acted, and the Bay employees are still waiting.

The Bay And Women

If the Bay's female staff is friendly and courteous, it's not because of the kind concern of the company. Women usually get the lowest paying jobs where they have to stand up all day, and have little chance for promotion. Although about 3/4 of the stores's over 200 employees are women, a quick tour showed that out of 25 positions at the management or supervisory level only five were filled by women.

Most of the women who work at the Bay are part-time. The strategy is that with more part-time people, it will be harder to get together to organize. In addition, a woman who works only 20 hours a week is less likely to fight over another \$15 or \$20 a week.

Women are ideal to exploit as employees because many have families to support and can't afford to go on strike. They have to like it or lump it. Most lump it.

Not only does the Bay exploit its female employees, much of its advertising and sales pitch is geared to female consumers, specifically young women.

An example of the wastefulness and stupidity of this consumer's paradise are the 56 different shades of nail polish displayed.

The Bay sets the fashion ideal, and the high prices, and most of us are sufficiently conditioned to gobble it all up.

The Bay And Young People

Since its opening in Regina the Bay has advertised itself as the "home of the young set". Its advertising centres on its youthful image. The Youth Department is all decked out in psychedelic colours, sells hookah pipes and other drug set accessories — all to get the kids, or rather, the kids' money into the stores.

But what happens once the money is gone? In the cafeteria, two hip-dressed thugs patrol up and down to make sure no one lingers too long over coffee or dares to move a couple of tables together. Upstairs, the Bay uses its own strongarm men to see that the kids move on as soon as they are fleeced. Outside it relies on the city cops to keep the sidewalks clear so everybody can see their display windows.

The Bay And The Future

The Bay will go on giving away our resources, stealing our land, starving Indians, fleecing kids, oppressing its employees and exploiting women as long as it can, because that is the way to make profits. It will be able to continue until the people who are getting screwed by this organization — Indians, taxpayers, kids, women and workers — put an end to it.

The Bay is right — it has been a BOLD 300 years. Let's celebrate by avoiding another hundred years of the same thing.

Celebrate the Bay's three-hundred bold years in the appropriate style, with a hanging. Turn page for beautiful, two page, two colour (black and white) fold out poster to hang along side your poster of Louis Riel.





Canada's role as one of the leading countries doing work on chemical and biological warfare is being exposed by a campaign to end all CBW research here.

From May 29-31 demonstrations will take place at the Defence Research Establishments at Suffield, Alberta, and Shirley Bay, Ontario.

Teach-ins will discuss the use of CBW agents in S.E. Asia, ecology and chemical warfare, and CBW and the anti-war movement. Organizers of the demonstration say that nothing more than a teach-in is planned, and no attempt to stop the operation of the base is expected.

Representatives of the Defence Research Board and the research centers will be there to defend the government involvement in this work.

The Mayor of Medicine Hat, Alberta, has already said that he doesn't want a lot of troublemakers around getting people worried about what is happening at Suffield.

The history of Canada's contribution to the Western World's ability to use chemical and biological warfare agents is revealing. Traders from Europe were infecting blankets with smallpox several hundred years ago in order to wipe out the native people of Canada. Today the work done at places like Suffield has the same result — the materials are used to destroy the people of S.E. Asia and of countries like Brazil and Angola, and force a different culture and way of life on them.

During the Second World War, Canada entered a program of cooperation on CBW research with the U.S., Britain and Australia. The pact guaranteed free disclosure of information in all areas. The reason given for doing this work was that it was for defence purposes, and the same excuse is used today.

Officials say that the program is part of Canada's role in world peacekeeping. Yet since 1962 the United States has been using nerve gases, defoliants, crop killers and napalm in S.E. Asia, and all of these were developed to some extent in Canada. All of them were tested and perfected here.

The Defence Board has said that by 1950 "most of the field trials of chemical warfare agents which were being conducted in the free world were being done at Suffield."

An American journalist, Seymour Hersh, has reported that since the accidental killing of 6000 sheep in tests done in Utah, Suffield has become the U.S. prime testing area. Canada perfects the best methods for spreading the warfare agents, figures out spray patterns and doses, and estimates results. All this comes under the heading of defence.

Archie Pennie, head of the Suffield Research Station, has put it this way: "... if you look at the Canadian role, it has been one of keeping peace in the Congo, in Cyprus. In the chemical operations, maybe the thing to do is to have something that will clear up



the main streets Saturday night by some incapacitating but non-lethal agent."

But in S.E. Asia, a special type of napalm developed in Canada has been used since 1962. Nerve and riot gases, such as CN, CS, DM (toxic respiratory agent), GS, are used against whole populations. DM is a good example of how Canada is keeping the streets quiet on Saturday night.

DM was tested, perfected, and developed in Canada. Japanese surveys show that use of this gas gives a death rate of 10% among adults, and 90% among old people, children, and pregnant women, when it is used in Vietnam. Add to this the effects of napalm on the population. Add also the use of defoliants to destroy jungle cover, and to destroy crops and food supplies and force the movement of civilian populations. It is clear that work done in Canada is being used offensively by the U.S. war machine.

This has happened for a number of reasons. Canada is not and never has been an impartial peacekeeping nation. The connections between the Canadian and American economies and Canadian investments in places like the West Indies, give Canada a vested interest in keeping Third World people down. 6000 Canadian troops are in the West Indies training in counter-insurgency work, Canadian planes are used to drop napalm on natives in Brazil.

In addition there is the attitude that scientific work is value free, and that therefore scientists who do this type of work are not responsible for how it is used. They just sell their knowledge to the highest bidder, like everyone else is expected to do.

So economic factors involving Canadian foreign investment, American domination of the Canadian economy, profits to Canadian companies for selling war materials, combine with a type of social system which creates irresponsible scientific research by setting a price tag on it, to produce a situation where Canada can justify the criminal destruction of other countries and other peoples under the lies of "peacekeeping" and "defence."

The organizers of the demonstration think that pressure can be put on the Canadian government to stop these activities. But the problem is not just one of an isolated incident of criminal research. This research continues because of a number of forces acting on Canada and within Canada which have not been challenged. It is unlikely that the program will be stopped.

As the Director of Suffield put it: "People say they're not going to put up with it and there's a great hue and cry. But a month later it's accepted."

If we want to stop this type of research, we will have to destroy the kind of social system which can rationalize the destruction of people, animals, the whole environment, as "peacekeeping."

DON'T EAT SHIT!

By ROSE HIPS

wherein the author explains (in the opening story) her philosophy regarding food

A man traveling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a precipice, he caught hold of the root of a wild vine and swung himself down over the edge. The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him.

Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away at the vine. The man saw a luscious strawberry near him. Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted!

How To Grow Vegetables in Your Closet. The ancient practice of sprouting seeds is still an extremely valuable one. Sprouting converts the dried seed into a fresh vegetable and increases its food value greatly.

One of its chief advantages lies in the fact that sprouting seeds can give you a new crop of delicious food every two to four days — a crop that needs no thought to soil conditions, composting techniques, blight, bugs, weeds, storms or sprays. One that can be grown any season and in any climate and is simple to harvest and store for future use. Sprouting seeds offers us a fresh, crisp food that compares with meat in nutritive value, to fresh fruits in vitamin C, that has no waste, is excellent raw, can be cooked if desired in 3 to 10 minutes. One pound of seeds increases to six

or eight pounds and so the price drops to practically nothing. It is a favorite item of food among all healthy "primitive" groups and all Orientals. (The first record of the health-giving values of sprouts is in a book on plants written in 2939 B.C. by the Emperor of China.)

A seed is the stored-up vital life force of a plant. Given the proper conditions, it will almost literally explode, releasing this force within it. A tiny crisp sprout appears. And as this sprout grows, vitamins are formed in it. Its nutritional content jumps overnight:

The most spectacular rise is in vitamin C. 100 grams (approximately one cup) of dried peas that contain no vitamin C have 86 milligrams (a day's supply) after they have sprouted four days. The 11 milligrams of C contained in 100 grams of whole oats becomes 42 milligrams after five days. One cup of Mung bean sprouts (highly used in the orient) contains much more than a day's supply.

The same happens with the other vitamins. B-2 increases 1350% in oats. Folic acid rises from 28 parts in dry wheat to 106 parts. The niacin content of Mung bean sprouts quadruples over that of the dry beans. Seven parts of thiamine become nine parts. The riboflavin content of corn, barley, and wheat rises four times. Other vitamins, notably E and K, also rise.

In addition, sprouted seeds also contain fats and carbohydrates, calcium, iron, phosphorus, potassium and other minerals. The carbohydrate content, incidentally, is quite low, making sprouts excellent for those on a diet.

SEEDS TO SPROUT: The list is practically endless: lentils, soy beans, sweet corn, Mung beans, barley, wheat, rye, alfalfa, lima beans, sunflower

seeds, oats, navy beans, and millet are all excellent. Whenever you can, purchase certified organically grown seeds, or use seeds you have grown yourself (if you're lucky enough to have a garden). You can buy many of them at SHUM Organic Foods, 4366 Main (at 28th). Seeds should always be of the current crop to insure full germinating power. Keep them stored in a cool, dry place.

Sprouting is easy. Soak about a cupful of seeds overnight in plenty of water. Then drain and wash, discarding any broken or imperfect seeds. Put them in a colander (or other wide-mouthed container capable of draining excess water and providing ventilation), cover, and set in a large bowl. Keep sprouts moist (rinse 3 or 4 times daily), warm, and dark (store in closet or under sink).

Most sprouts are ready to eat when about 2 inches long (3-6 days). However, experimentation will prove a better judge.

Ways to Serve Sprouts:

- raw, as separate dish
- in salads
- garnish for soups, casseroles, stews
- blended into beverages
- blended into sandwich spreads
- in meat or fish loaves
- with scrambled eggs or omelettes
- in bread, muffins and waffle batters
- in souffles
- stewed with tomatoes
- in sauces
- in desserts

This column welcomes both contributions and criticisms.



Greg Hulbert took these pictures at the Intermedia show now happening at the Vancouver Art Gallery. The orgy runs til the 31st. There's lots to do and nobody's making money from the minimal admission charge. Do it.





LOVE, PIECE GOOD'VIBES

Reprinted from "The Seed."

Wednesday, April 15, was the day of the Moratorium against the war, the day we all had to pay income taxes to kaptialist Amerika. That night, Playboy Czar Hugh Hefner opened his infamous bunny mansion to well-heeled liberals who paid \$50 a head to attend a benefit for the moratorium. Women's Liberation chose that night to protest Hefner and his Playboy Empire — built on the concept that a woman is a mindless, big-boobed cunt, another accessory to a playboy's total wardrobe. We, and those people who decided not to cross our picket lines, saw the war in Vietnam and the Playboy Empire's exploitation and degradation of women as part of the same system, tied inevitably together — and therefore saw total contradiction in being against the war and going into the mansion.

Several sisters had negotiated with the Moratorium pleading with them to change the location of their

fund-raiser. The Moratorium said that they'd never really considered our objections, that Playboy's jet-set cunt and prick imagery do degrade both men and women, but that — alas — they couldn't find another free place large and attractive enough to draw and accommodate the \$100/couple cocktail reception for the peace establishment.

The Moratorium's choice was based on market value. They dig Hefner because he has a lot of bread — forget how he makes it — which they want to finance more boring and ineffective rallies. They dig Hefner because he has cultivated the Superplayboy wheeler-dealer image to which their monied constituency responds. They dig Hefner because a fund-raiser at his house is a publicity prize bound to be covered in Jon and No-bra's column. And they dig Hefner because they too want to go to a genuine Beautiful People's party now and then.

The Moratorium told us that, yes, the reception would be held at "Hef's manse." They asked us to

forget our cause for just one night and not ruin their party.

We couldn't forget our "cause." We couldn't forget that Hefner's money and bunnies and TV shows and airplanes and magazines and mansions are the profits of women's bodies and the psychology to which their bodies and the hideous line of Playboy accessories appeal. We couldn't forget the Moratorium's contribution to the further elevation of Hefner's swinger image. We couldn't ignore the Moratorium's callous acceptance of the liberal's — maybe not even liberals, but rather people for peace with bread — positive response to the bullshit which Hefner epitomizes. We couldn't miss the opportunity to rap to the invited guests about their dream world — a world in which occasional rallies end messy wars and in which messy wars are segregated not only from Amerikan imperialism and Asian liberation but also from the liberation of all persons, including the liberal dreamers themselves.

We decided to spoil the party!

A big Greyhound-type bus with curtains parks down the block. Six male long-hairs, well (but not too well) groomed, emerge. It has to be the rock band. Pissed that any rock band would play here, enraged and really hurt that a band looking like (and hopefully made up of) our brothers, several of us go over for a rap.

One guy wearing pants identical to mine. Him first.

"Hey! Why are you playing here? You're getting ready to play for Playboy!"

He was astonished. "What's wrong with that?"

We rap the basics of what's wrong with that,

"I agree with you but we need the bread."

People often agree with us, and they always need the bread.

"But you don't look like you need the bread, big bus and all. And you don't need his bread."

We rap down what Wilderness Road, Poncho Pilot, Up and others are into, playing free gigs and becoming politically active off their own experience.

"We do play for the people and we want to play for the people, but we've got to be promoted to get to them."

"YOU promote you to me! Man, who do you want to be promoted to, the people or Hefner?"

"Not to him. But these guys can promote us to the people."

"To what people? They don't give a shit about you. Have you ever played in Lincoln Park?"

"Where's that?"

"About five blocks from here. There are free concerts there every Sunday. You can play for Yippie and Conspiracy benefits. Pick a benefit and play for it."

"What's the Conspiracy?"

Two other cats from the band walk over. "What's going on here," the big one asks.

"We're just talking about your playing here tonight. I'm angry and sad that you're playing the hip whore-house."

Manager Charles says he's mad too. After all, the contract promised that they would play in the ballroom but it turns out that they've been exiled to a smaller room. Too bad. He moves on.

"Ya, sweetie, we know all about it, babe," his buddy quips, tugging at my coat pocket for some insane reason. The first cat picks up the conversation. "Yeah, we're under contract."

"But you can break contracts."

"But, you see, it's not exactly our contract. Our agency makes all the arrangements."

"And you just hear about where you'll play, climb in your big bus, and go do it? You must be a good band; agencies don't give gigs out of charity. They're ripping off you and the people who dig your music."

"Yeah, I know that. But, you see, we want to record."

"Oh, you want to be superstars. Can't you see..."

"I'm sorry. I have to go play. All the rest are in there."

"Can't I come with you — get in as a groupie, with the pants, you know, so we can keep rapping?"

"Sure — but I'll have to ask Charles. I'll go get him."

Charles doesn't show up, so we move to the gate. We want to block it, but we have to keep moving. We dance between the gateposts; we're moving.

The guests are arriving. All of us feel together; we read our strength on the faces of the party people. Everyone is shouting "Don't go in!" Women are rapping with couples as they arrive, explaining our presence, asking that they not go in, giving them leaflets. We keep on dancing in the entranceway.

One couple signs their check but doesn't go in. Another fifteen couples want to play with the Beautiful People, know exactly why they shouldn't, and join us. A few apologize as they enter. Some talk through their teeth as they pass by, asking why of all 365 days in the year we had to pick the one on which Hef was doing something good. But most of them don't want to hear about it and don't want leaflets. It would be unmannerly for them to raise their voices,

HAYAKAWA JOINS PROVINCE

TOILET TRAINING TIPS

Dr. S.I. Hayakawa is the Japanese-Canadian president of San Francisco State College, famous for his hardline toilet training techniques used against unruly students and faculty during the strike there in 1968-69. His thought is now available for general consumption in a column carried by the Vancouver Province on child training and education.

This column will no doubt incorporate the same educational theories that prompted Hayakawa during the SF State strike to grab a microphone from the students and rip out the speaker wires; call in as many as 600 cops on campus at every opportunity; claim films of police beating students were no real evidence; fire striking professors with a smile and react to tight situations with violent temper tantrums.

Dr. Hayakawa's chosen field is semantics, which is the study of the use and meaning of words. His specific brand is general semantics, a field of study which states that the world's problems are due merely to lack of co-operation and the misunderstandings caused by language. Ergo, if we could only figure out what other people mean by what they say, and then agree with the, all would be hunky-dory.

Unfortunately, there seems to be some confusion on what Hayakawa himself is all about. According to a Gallup Poll, he's America's favorite educator, defending Ronald Reagan and his Merry Taxpayers

from the "new Hitlerism" (as H. calls it) of the student radicals and their nasty fascist rhetoric. In intellectual circles he's considered a phony baloney, copying from the ideas of others. His general semantics is denounced by other semanticists as irrelevant to today's problems. To students and radicals he epitomizes the intolerant and irrational repression of a man and a society gone insane from fatal wounds to the ego.

Hayakawa became interested in semantics as a result of the spread of Nazi propaganda in the 1930's. He sees the situation today as much the same as it was then. Somehow he manages to call himself a "liberal Democrat" despite his own words and actions and his admiration for Ronald Reagan and Lyndon Johnson. *Ramparts* of November 1969 gave several revealing quotes indicating his philosophy of life.

In his best known book *Language in Thought and Action* (a best-seller panned by the critics), he wrote, "The basic ethical assumption of semantics is that co-operation is preferable to conflict . . . A lockout or a strike is a withdrawal of co-operation. We may indeed as individuals compete for jobs, but our function in the job, once we get it, is to contribute at the right time and place to that innumerable series of co-operative acts . . ." etcetera. Naturally if workers

should be so unco-operative as to object to their lowly condition, we should all co-operate to smash them back into submission.

In an essay called "The Self Image," Hayakawa stated, "The secret of acting naturally, and therefore of how to be sane though Negro, is to forget as far as possible that one is Negro." In the same essay, he wrote that the study of Negro history and culture by Negroes is "Jim Crow of the mind." One of the main issues in the SF State strike was the creation of a Black Studies Department which Hayakawa is still fighting tooth and nail.

A top-notch publicity man hired by one of Nixon's big financial backers is hard at work on Hayakawa's image. Billed as "a little man with a lot of guts", he is in reality an insecure and unsuccessful academic trying to impress the big boys ■ power by out-pigging them. He has been quite successful.

The *Journal* would like to commend the *Province* for picking up on Hayakawa's own theories of the necessity of communication and co-operation. By running his inane and pointless columns, the *Province* will make plain to everyone the doct behind the image. All we need to do then is to co-operate to destroy the power that allows men like Hayakawa to rule our lives.

so several hysterical women — they all look alike in the ringlet wigs, vinyl coats, and two pairs of eyelashes on each lid — automatically raise their right index fingers and cry out "Officer! Officer! Please assist me!" Others, less well programmed, yell at us for ruining their party. Nearly all the men stare absolutely straight ahead, pushing their dates by the elbow.

I look around, still between the gateposts, trying to figure out why these people are all so frantic and terrified. It's because the scene is so IMPOLITE! So UNLADYLIKE! So generally UNCIVIL! It's because we're impolite women and because the men are actually together supporting us. It's because a squad car with light flashing is blocking the Division-State Parkway intersection and the folks have to get out of their cars and walk one-half block to the party. It's because the Playboy people and the police are so uptight that they form a cordon through which the late-comers must pass. It's because few can pass by without confronting their desire to mingle with the muckamucks and their guilt for doing it.

It was so impolite that over half the paying guests didn't show up. So impolite that the people inside had to spend a whole night talking about what was going on outside. So impolite that Playboy PR men had to dispatch two bunnies with "We Love Hugh Hefner" signs to stand around on the sidewalk and pretend that they were happy to be there. So impolite that Hefner withdrew financial support of a civil rights fund-raising dinner for Charles Evers, black mayor of Payette, Mississippi, because a board member of the sponsoring organization had helped to spoil his party. Potentially, so much more impolite that he put the bread back in at the last minute, hoping that all those people who justified their piece of his horror show wouldn't find out.

"Sign your checks, but don't go in!" Not many of the invited guests heeded this chant — they rushed through the picket lines in panic, like elegant racehorses with blinders on. We all wondered what effect our demonstration had on the people who went inside and wanted them to know about the busts outside (two women and one man). So, when an invited guest came through the picket line, announced that he was going in to tell the partying people that he was leaving in sympathy with the women outside, and asked if anyone wanted to go in with him, I yelled out "I'm a Playboy employee and I want to go in!" (I'd previously tried to get one of my bosses ["too busy"] a momentarily sympathetic Playboy executive [long pause, then "no"] and Playboy's "football forecaster" [later, Shelley, later] to escort me in. There were things I felt I had to say to the people inside — to tell them about the busts, to explain to them in a less-frantic atmosphere why we were outside, and to find out their reactions to our demonstration.

Getting inside wasn't much trouble — a couple of people tried to stop me, dressed as I was in dirty bells, over-sized jacket and women's lib button — but

the man I was with pulled me along. Inside, I was on my own, and the hostility erupted at once, mostly from the women.

The first to stop me was a woman who had helped organize the benefit. We were, she said, spoiling the solidarity of the people inside against the war and alienating many people sympathetic to women's liberation. I agreed to talk to her more and moved on.

I next encountered Candice Bergen, asked her why she had crossed the picket line, and was answered with a sneer, "I think the whole thing is just utterly absurd." (I wonder when Playboy will do a nude pictorial on her.)

I caught the end of Sen. Charles Goodell's speech, then a woman who was never identified got the microphone. The microphone, which had worked splendidly during Goodell's speech, suddenly went dead and the lights went out momentarily. Finally, she was given a chance to speak, told about the busts, asked for bail money, and tried to explain, amid boos and cat-calls, why the women were outside. She also said two Playboy secretaries had been fired after refusing to type the attack on women's lib that appears in the current issue of Playboy, remarks which were later attributed to me by the press. (Playboy later denied the firings.)

Unfortunately, I didn't hear all of her speech, because another woman came up to me and forcefully asked me to leave. Asserting that I was not a "lady," she tried to convince me that my purpose in being in the mansion was much more damaging to women's lib than her purpose in being there.

Next I was attacked quite vehemently by an older woman who was shouting so loud that I doubt she even heard me. I tried to quietly explain to her that the night of the moratorium benefit was the best time to protest the Czar and his degradation of women, because the "rape" of Vietnam by our country and the "rape" of women by Playboy were in many ways the same. She finally went away. I started answering generally hostile questions and talking to the people around me about Playboy, what it stands for, what it is, especially in relation to women, and the relationship between the war, Playboy, and the whole Amerikan Empire.

I was on my way out (the band had started playing and it was impossible to talk), when an older couple stopped me and gave me \$20 for the people who had been busted. Not knowing what to do with the bail money, I started looking for a phone and ended up in the bedroom of two upcoming Playmates, the first Playmate twins, and asked to use their phone.

Talking to them was a trip. I discovered that they were in sympathy with the women outside, that they realized that being a Playmate was degrading and harmful to them and other women, but that they needed the bread for an operation for their mother. Their views and mine were surprisingly close. I left them feeling sorrow for my exploited sisters, more anger at Playboy's effect on individual women as well as women as a whole, and with another \$20 that they gave me for bail. (The two women who had been

busted had already been bailed out. The man, who was charged with "disorderly conduct," had his own bail money when I went to the station to get him out. The bail money will go into a women's lib bust fund.)

I understand why the people inside the mansion were there that night, and why they crossed the picket line. To them, the war is the most important issue. The only issue. They can't see beyond it, can't see that the war is only a manifestation of the intentional evils of Amerika, can't see that the war, women's liberation (and Playboy's role in preventing that liberation) and the other evils of this society are inevitably intertwined. They think, for the most part, that, once the war is over, it will be business as usual and that Amerika will once again be the "land of the free, home of the brave" — the Amerika they know and love — the Amerika of high-rise apartments by the lake, expense accounts, conspicuous consumption, organization men and shitworker or pampered women. They think the war is simply a case of temporary insanity. They are wrong. The total Amerikan society is insane — and a very important part of this total insanity is the role a woman is taught and forced into from birth, a role that limits her development as a human being and alienates her from herself and other people of both sexes. We demonstrated outside the mansion to point out the contradiction between being against the war and going into Hef's pad, to shake people up and make them think a little harder about our society, and the place of women in it.

People definitely were shook up. One Playboy executive said the party was a great success because of our actions outside; it gave the wide range of people, from society matrons to movie stars, something in common, something to talk about. (I guess the war itself was not enough to bring them together — many inside, especially the women, felt more threatened by the demonstration outside than by Amerikan violence in Vietnam.) I only hope those people will continue to think about what happened that night and learn from it, that they will realize that the liberation of Vietnam and the liberation of all women are not separate issues, that those of us who are truly for a free society will be brought closer together by this. The people who refused to cross the picket line certainly have reached that realization; the man who brought me in has, too. And at least one girl who had crossed the picket line now has: she came up to me, said I had been making a lot more sense than the people who had been criticizing me, and asked where she could get ■ women's lib button. I gave her mine.

"The mission of woman is to be beautiful and to bring children into the world. This is not at all as rude and unmodern as it sounds. The female bird pretties herself for her mate and hatches the eggs for him. In exchange, the mate takes care of gathering the food, and stands guard and wards off the enemy." — Joseph Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda of the German Nazi Party, 1934.

'HINTS FROM HANOI' STREET FIGHTIN' TACTICS

Don't fuck with individuals who are not pigs — When the people take the streets, a number of motorists are inevitably stopped in their cars. THESE ARE USUALLY NOT PIGS. THEY ARE ON OUR SIDE. If possible, let them pass by. Smile at them, give them the peace sign, rap with them. In most cases it works. They'll respond with respect and sympathy. Once in a while some redneck will decide to do the piggie thing by gunning his phallicmobile to the danger of the people in his way. These motherfuckers are the only ones who deserve to have their cars bashed. The whole revolution can be summed up by the motto, DON'T FUCK WITH US AND WE WON'T FUCK WITH YOU'

Be cautious but not overly paranoid. If you see someone in the crowd who looks like a possible undercover pig (someone dressed straight, or taking pictures), judge for yourself whether he is or not. Don't accept anyone else's opinion (but consider it). Be cool. Don't let your picture be taken — hide your face if possible.

Know when to split. If you do some individual action (such as throwing a rock, vamping a pig, or protecting a brother), split the scene immediately. If there's a crowd of bystanders, mingle in with them, then get away (like several blocks away) from the battle, or walk into a restaurant and have a coffee. Don't carry identifying symbols, such as radical buttons. "THE FIRST DUTY OF A REVOLUTIONARY IS NOT TO GET CAUGHT" — Abbie Hoffman. Most important (and most difficult): DON'T ASSUME LEADERSHIP; Try not to deviate from the mood of the people. If the people want to chant, don't try to shut them up. If the people want to go someplace, don't try to get them to go someplace else. BUT, if the atmosphere seems generally fucked up, try to unify it — lead a chant or something. Don't wait for a leader to do it — every Yippie is a Yippie leader — therein lies our strength. Keep cool, THINK. For every situation there are several different possible actions to take. Decide carefully which one is best. For your protection, don't overestimate your strength.

As the Junior Pig (Boyscout) motto says, "Be Prepared." Chief Porkchop Fisk is probably gonna get his demand from city council for more riot equipment. In future demonstrations we are almost sure to get teargassed, maced and clubbed over the head. If you have a helmet, or hard hat wear it, but be prepared to ditch it, when necessary. (You can pick up a hard hat for 99 cents) For protection against tear gas or mace, there are several simple protective measures. Have a hankerchief soaked in vinegar or water and be ready to wear it over your nose. Daub the area around your eyes with vaseline, or an egg-and-baking soda mixture (see last week's Yellow Journal). Gasmasks (50 cents each at 3 Vets or B.C. Surplus) are handy, but before you get one make sure it's safe. Also, remember that gasmasks are very cumbersome, unless you have a gasmask bag. Keep together with your tribe. Most of us have a group of at least 3 or 4 close friends, who we live with or associate with frequently. Make arrangements to meet in a safe place when the time comes to disperse. Try to be with members of your tribe as much as possible during the demonstration. After it's over, if a member of your group is missing, phone around to determine his whereabouts. (Be careful about phoning the cop-shop. They will only tell you who's been arrested if you give them specific names. If your brother/sister hasn't been arrested, giving the pigs his/her name may result in warrants being issued in his/her name. NEVER GIVE PIGS ANY INFORMATION WHATSOEVER, EXCEPTING OF COURSE PHONY INFORMATION.)

Think up some unique street tactics. We are urban guerrillas. Which means that, although we lack the sophisticated equipment of the pigs, we'll ultimately win because we have the people and we have the ingenuity. There are hundreds of possible weapons that can be made very cheaply. Some of them you've probably heard about and others you can think of yourself. Remember folks, if the Pig messes with one of us he messes with all of us. TOGETHER WE WILL WIN!

A police state as close as the nearest phone... Sound too good to be true? It probably is. Last issue, *Yellow Journal* printed a story on John R. Fisk's intention to install a Dial-a-Pig line. At the time we issued a warning against possible abuse of the service by subversive elements. Evidently, the bugs we foresaw have been dealt with; the line is now in operation.

Call 687-2666 if you see anything suspicious and/or worthy of police attention. It's called PAL, Pig Assistance Line.

Information has come to the *Yellow Journal* from the revolutionary research cadre of the Vancouver Liberation Front of a similar project initiated in Germany in 1933. This Gestapo project is evidently only one of a number being studied by Chief Fish. Perhaps a further warning to our Chief Constable would be in order considering some of the difficulties experienced by Berlin's finest 37 years ago.

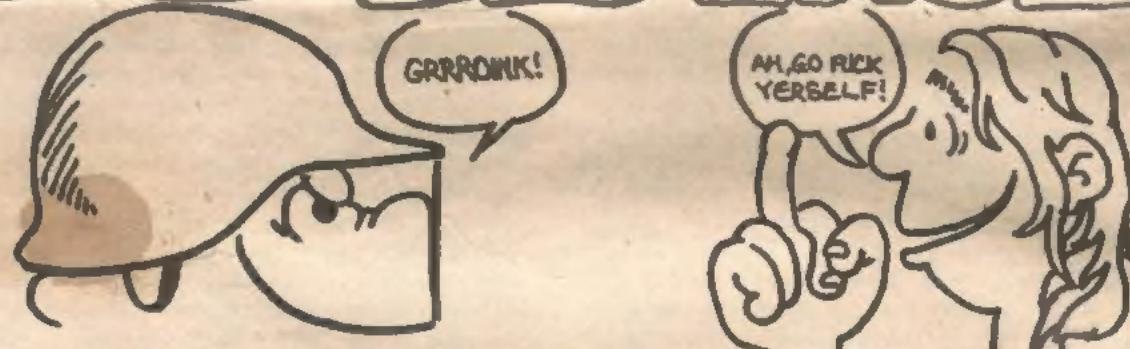
The switchboard was flooded with calls informing on criminals. Callers informed of big business crooks ripping off the people, of industrial gangsters befouling the environment, and of police harassment of minorities. One corrupt politician was exposed for using public money to purchase a private aeroplane. A prominent Berlin racketeer with important connections at Radio Berlin was discovered to be using his enormous influence on innocent youths to separate them from their hard won money. Police were so flooded with calls that they were unable to move against a single criminal.

Pranksters provided another problem. Some called once and twice a day. Often, they called from pay phones, leaving the phone dangling and the line unuseable. The vandals were rarely so foolish as to stay on the line long enough to allow a trace. Eventually, to the chagrin of the innovative law enforcement officers, the phone-line idea had to be abandoned.

Let us hope that Chief Constable Fisk has better luck. The reputation of the Vancouver Police Department, of B.C.Tel and indeed that of our whole democratic way of life, is at stake.



SELF-DEFENCE



Survival under Capitalism has meant that people become dependent on the means of survival supplied by the same system that is making it impossible to survive in the first place.

Our liberation requires Revolution. We must be able to depend on ourselves and our sisters for most of those things that we now depend on oppressors to provide. We've got to break down the myths that people cannot meet their own needs without the expensive technicians and specialists of Capitalism. Only through collective responsibility can we pose an alternative to the shit that is strangling our freedom.

The VLF has started a training ground for liberation in the Survival Liberation School. We will try to serve the immediate head and body needs of the people and at the same time develop, through concrete experience, an understanding of what "People Power" is.

Presently, the SLS is concentrating on the following areas:

1) MEDICAL: Basic first-aid so that people can deal with injuries that can happen anywhere — at home or on the streets. We will also work on preparing people to go into street actions that might result in pig riots and injuries. For example, knowing the effects of different gasses and how to deal with them means the difference between panic and confidence in a street situation.

2) PHYSICAL conditioning and preparedness: People know that your physical condition has a lot to do with feeling and looking good and at the same time can lessen the chances of physical injury while giving someone confidence in their ability to deal with physical confrontation in confrontation politics. Naturally this means that people learn to work out together for collective strength. It is vital that women assume leadership in this area for two reasons: 1) to

with the men trying to prove who's the baddest Motherfucker around; 2) for women to break out, to realize that their bodies can do a lot more than provide a theatre for men to act out their aggressive fuck-ups on.

3) LEGAL STUFF: Your rights (and these are few). How to act, what to say, and what not to say when you're busted on charges from dope to conspiracy.

4) FOOD: People don't eat good food. If you don't eat well, you may not feel well; in fact you may feel like staying home rather than going out to make the revolution. That's bad. We need healthy organic food that hasn't grown out of a business experiment, but from the ground; that can be provided by the people for the people, and at a cost that doesn't involve profits for the large food monopolies.

All these things must be done while providing a clear revolutionary perspective. These areas of survival are a must for anyone who's not just jivin' about smashing Imperialism.

The SLS depends on the commitment of those who take part in it. There are two large sessions a week, one 11am Monday at McBride Park, 4th Ave. West at Blenheim; the other at 7pm in China Creek Park, 6th Ave. East just west of Clark Dr. The daily training sessions will take place around the residential work collectives with people going to the one that's closest, starting their own tribe, or going with the group they want to relate to. Tribes or affinity groups, depending on your aversion, will grow out of the daily workouts. These groups will form the core of the VLF at street actions and through internal struggle and personal contact will be vital in developing leadership and a revolutionary consciousness in the entire group.

for information phone 738-8909

THE COMING OF THE ARTS LAB

Part 1

Hello there! All you people in Yellow Journal Land!

As anybody who lives around Haney and the surrounding area knows repression has been at a peak in the last while with numerous harassments, busts, non-service by stores, and the latest is a rumour that a group of private citizens (?) has been planning to form a vigilante group to keep people off the streets after 10 pm, we're expecting a cross-burning any day now and what makes matters worse is that a lot of young people are still caught up and victims of the old teenage social structure (ie. greasers, surfers, well you know -), and while there's lots of dope - there's also a lot of fratricide happening.

POPULAR BASS MASS

You see we hope to get people together doing things they want to do and that people can get into music, art, handicrafts, survival and all other relevant things for the 20th Century Albion man. At the moment, we are all trying to resolve hassles, as to



how not only to create our own culture, but also how to retain it, for ourselves. As some cat once said (I) "Art is protest", and as another guy once said, "Art is anything", so come and protest everything, by doing anything. As soon as possible, the Arts Lab will have rock concerts (as well as any and every other kind of musical trip), in conjunction with a cinema in which we can see underground (?) films higher, student and international films, as well as eventually film workshop productions.

We can create for ourselves, by ourselves, within us!

In order to get things happening, to bring people close, to get the Arts Lab on its feet - we are calling for a BENEFIT CONCERT to be held at Whonock Lake Park (just a few miles East of Haney), around the middle of June. Further news will be forthcoming as to the groups who will be donating their music.

If you want to dance - dance!, if you want to sing - sing!, if you want to be - be!, if you want to, if you can share something with others - come!, if you want it - come and get it! AND if you want to come -- fuck.

HEAVY

On February 23, 1921 the workers of Petrograd went on strike against hunger, poverty and unchanged working conditions. For them the revolution of 1917 had promised much and resulted in little. A czarate which had made quite clear whose side it was on had been replaced by a Party-led state which claimed it was on the side of the people but didn't change their daily lives worth a damn.

The Bolshevik Party of Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin lost no time in suppressing the strike. Military law was declared, and Petrograd was put under a state of siege. Strike leaders were arrested. The Party, presumably the Party of the people, showed itself to define "the people" as those who were willing to go along with the party line.

The naval garrison of Kronstadt, just outside Petrograd, had been one of the spawning grounds of the revolution in 1917. Its sailors, always in the vanguard of the revolt, never lost sight of the original meaning of the revolution. On February 28 they passed a resolution supporting the strike which was to become the manifesto of the Kronstadt Insurrection. It demanded, among other things: immediate new elections to the Soviets ("The present Soviets no longer express the wishes of the workers and peasants"); freedom of speech and press for all workers, peasants and parties of the left; liberation of all political prisoners of the Socialist parties, and of all imprisoned workers and peasants; equalisation of rations for all workers; and the institution of mobile workers' control groups.

The insurrection accelerated when it met with extremely hostile and aggressive reactions from the local representatives of the Party. On May 2, a Provisional Revolutionary Committee was formed by a general assembly of 16,000 sailors and workers. Later that day, the inhabitants of Kronstadt occupied all strategic points in the town. The *Izvestia* printshops were occupied.

The response from Moscow was immediate. The Kronstadt Revolt, claimed the Party, was a counter-revolutionary plot led by a White Guard general named Kozlovsky. On March 6 Trotsky issued the following radio appeal:

The Workers' and Peasants' Government has decided to reassert its authority without delay, both over Kronstadt and over the mutinous battleships, and put them at the disposal of the Soviet Republic. I therefore order all those who have raised a hand against the Socialist Fatherland, immediately to lay down their weapons ... Only those who surrender unconditionally will be able to count on the clemency of the Soviet Republic. I am meanwhile giving orders that everything be prepared to smash the revolt and the rebels by force of arms. The responsibility for the disasters which will affect the civilian population must fall squarely on the heads of the White Guard insurgents.

It is an historical irony that Trotsky would use the same type of slander against the Kronstadt sailors that Stalin was later to use against him. In 1928-29, Trotsky was accused of conspiring with the Wrangel officer. Both charges were utter fabrications.

The "White Guard" slander wasn't the only one used against the Kronstadt rebels. In 1938, Trotsky, when writing about the events, claimed that "the men of Kronstadt wanted privileges, while the country was hungry." This accusation is quite clearly untrue, for Point 9 of the manifesto of February 26 stated "(We demand) the equalisation of rations for all workers, except those engaged in dangerous or unhealthy jobs." The "official" Party version of the revolt maintains that the Kronstadt revolt was led by elements who had recently joined the Navy, and therefore had nothing to do with the heroic sailors of 1917-1919. But an examination of the makeup of the Provisional Revolutionary Committee shows clearly that a majority were sailors with long service.

Apolologists for Lenin and Trotsky always claim that there was a decisive break between the policies of Lenin and Trotsky and the policies of Stalin. But this interpretation must be rejected on two counts. First, social structures are social structures: the Bolshevik Party was not the domain of three individuals, but an organization which exhibited different tendencies. Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin represented different tendencies in the Party. If Stalin was to become leader of it, it was because he had more support within it than did Trotsky. And since there was no wholesale break in Party membership between the two periods, it is obvious that a sizeable proportion of those "Stalinists" of the later period were active in the Party in the earlier period. In other words, there is historical continuity between the two periods. The "decisive break" theory is closely allied to the "cult of the individual" theory which its proponents generally reject vehemently.

On the other hand, a close examination of what actually happened shows that the policies of Lenin and Trotsky in regard to political opposition did not differ greatly from those of Stalin. The slanders, the willingness to falsify historical truth, the vicious

dedication to the top-down Party line - all these were exhibited long before Stalin came to power by Trotsky and Lenin. One could even put forward the suggestion that Stalin learned how to purge Trotsky from the Party from watching two masters of the art at work, Trotsky and Lenin themselves.

The Kronstadt Revolt was not, of course, successful. On March 8, the Red Army attacked Kronstadt. Or, to put it more properly, was ordered to attack Kronstadt. The first attack battalions surrendered at the fortress steps, refusing to fight their brothers in the Navy. Ouglanov, Commissar for the Northern sector, wrote to the Petrograd Party: "It is impossible to send the Army into a second attack on the forts ... the men wish to know the demands of Kronstadt. They want to send delegates to Kronstadt. The number of political commissars on this sector is far from sufficient." On March 12, day of the second attack, two of the regiments had to be disarmed by force, and heavy sentences were imposed on their members by the Party tribunal. The regiments to be used in the final assault against Kronstadt were thoroughly reorganised. Groups that had shown any sympathy towards Kronstadt were disarmed and transferred to other units. Finally, the Party was able to assemble enough loyal troops and Kronstadt was assaulted on 16-17 March.

The number of killed was enormous. Official figures were 4,127 wounded and 527 killed. But this figure does not include the drowned, or the numerous wounded left to die on the ice. And this does not include those killed on the Kronstadt side. The Kronstadt Insurrection had been crushed.

The history of Kronstadt has been suppressed throughout the world. Official Communist Parties, always claiming allegiance to Lenin, obviously do not want to talk of any possible smear on his name. On the other (or is it the same?) side, liberal and pro-capitalist historians don't want to admit that from 1917 to 1924 (approx.) there was a popular revolution in Russia, that it was truly communist, without wage incentives and the like, and that it had the support of the Russian people - liberal historians are always unwilling to acknowledge the possibility of the people being an historical force.

The lesson of Kronstadt is that revolution of, by and for the people has come very close to happening in the past. (It may have happened in China. In future HEAVY'S we will examine why Mao's professed allegiance to Lenin and Stalin is irrelevant given his tremendous difference in practice.) It can happen in the future, TOMORROW, if we are willing to learn the mistakes of the Kronstadt sailors. They, right up until the end, had a naive faith in the ultimate good faith of the Party. WE must always remember that ALL ORGANIZATIONS ARE NECESSARY EVILS and should be regarded as such. Or, as Mao would say, we must maintain eternal vigilance, and have revolutions every five, ten, fifteen years. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE. LET THEIR REPRESENTATIVES BE EVERYONE.

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION

Too many people! The population of the world is exploding. Everywhere we hear predictions of famine, starvation, and death within the next few years. The present rate of growth will double the world's population within the next 37 years.

Over-population is causing overcrowding in cities, pollution from industrial societies with too many consumers and too much waste. It is causing rioting, starvation, and even war in the less developed countries.

At least that is what we are told.

Remember the films that we used to see in school or on TV about all the starving and diseased people in Asia, Africa, and Latin America? And what Canadian and American foreign aid were doing to save these poor "teeming masses"? These countries obviously have problems, and it has become popular to think of these problems as simply being caused by "too many mouths to feed".

"Whatever your cause, it's a lost cause unless we control population," threatened an ad in an American newspaper favoring more money and more action on population stabilization.

Is this really the case?

THE CONFUSION

Two different things are really being talked about:
1) the size and growth of the world's population.
2) the food, shelter, space, and medical care available to sustain this number of people.

If we look at these two separately we can begin to see how they relate to each other and what some of the problems are.

The number of people in the world is growing faster than ever before.

But we won't run out of room.

There are limits on how much the population will grow. Societies of people can decide to reduce the birth rate by birth control and abortion, given the chance.

World population has increased in stages. Twice before there has been a rapid increase in numbers. The first was when people learned how to make tools, and could get more food. The second was when we learned how to use agriculture — plant crops and raise animals. Each time the growth levelled off.

This last jump began with the Industrial Revolution, when our whole way of life began to change very quickly because of new ways of producing things.

Populations have begun to stabilize in advanced industrial countries. In terms of numbers, the growth is still fast in less developed countries, but the % growth in Asia is less than in the U.S.

Social forces from economic pressures can limit population. This can be done in the countries with "too many people" if they so desire. It is a matter of education and the will to do so.

What is really meant by too many people is that right now there is not enough food, shelter, clothing and other necessities to serve the needs of the people of an area. Overpopulated means underfed. But does underfed mean overpopulated?

Look at the example of North America — Canada and the United States. We have about 30 million hungry people here. Ten million are near the starvation level (1968, Citizen's Board of Inquiry into Hunger and Malnutrition in the U.S.). The average rate of nutrition has dropped in the last 20 years.

And yet there are huge stockpiles here, grains and other surplus produce. In 1968 the U.S. government paid \$4 billion to keep 35 million acres out of production. This year Canada has started the same program to stop farmers from growing grain. American farmers plowed under and burned thousands of tons of potatoes last year to raise the market price. Fruit rots on the ground because there is no market for it. There are many more examples of the insanity of this situation.

Clearly people do not go hungry here because of a shortage of food.

What about on a world scale? As much grain is being stored as was exported in 1969. The United Nations says that food production is outstripping population growth in the Third World. But "whether or not people will have the income to buy the food ... is a different matter." (From a UN Food and Agricultural Organization report.)

Brazil, which has 40 million hungry people, uses much of its growing land to produce coffee for export, which brings money back to the landowners, but not much food for the people. Any school text book on social studies will show that the case is the same for many other countries — people starve while products are grown for export.

We can begin to see three things:

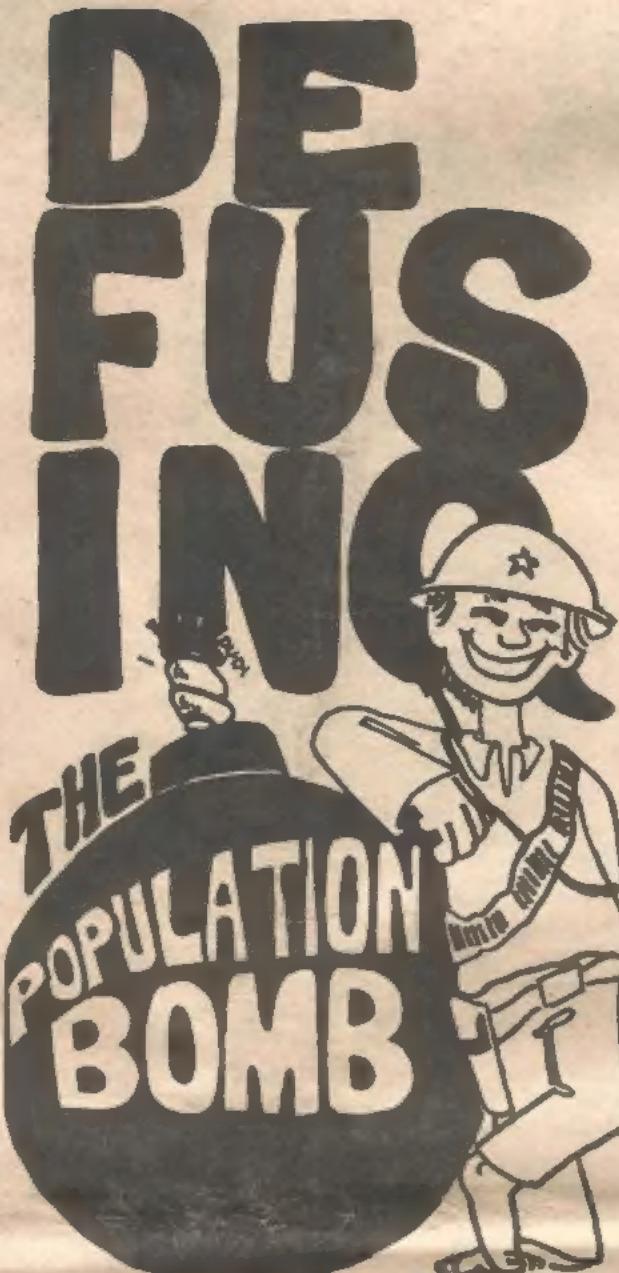
1) that "over-populated" means that people are going without food and shelter;

2) that people are starving because of the way food is being produced and distributed — for money — not simply because there is not enough food.

3) that for people in North America, the countries which are over-populated are in Asia, Africa and Latin America.

In short, the idea of "population explosion" is a dangerous idea which ignores the reasons for starvation, looks at a symptom instead of a cause, and suggest that North America can embark on a program of controlling population in much of the rest of the world with an attitude of racism and a program bordering on genocide.

SUBVERSIVE SCIENCE NO. 3 —by BUCK WHEAT



In which Buck answers the question: "Can a young star cub reporter on his way up with a big city newspaper find happiness with a farm girl from Saskatchewan?"

THE BIG SCARE

Scientists in North America are becoming more and more excited about population all the time. The most well known man, Paul Erlich, has suggested the use of political force on countries which will not control their populations.

He and his fellow scientists have suggested putting sterilants in drinking water and food, spraying them from the air, and massive programs combining agricultural aid and population control for Third World countries.

If we look back at the history of the population control movement we can see where these ideas come from, and what is meant by racism and genocide in the movement.

Standard Oil & Planned Parenthood

Ramparts has done research which goes into the population control movement in depth.

In 1952, John D. Rockefeller III, of Standard Oil of New Jersey, began to get uptight about the teeming masses. He hosted a conference of academics at his estate. Soon after this, Ford Foundation, Carnegie, Rockefeller Foundation, Commonwealth and Community Funds, Mott Trust, the Mellons, and many other names in big business began to put money into making Planned Parenthood an international affair.

In co-operation with the World Bank, which pools international finances for loans to needy countries, grants were given to universities to study the growth of population, and to students from other countries to be involved in these programs.

The overall plan was to stress containment of U.S. population growth by means of taxes, welfare, and education. This was to be combined with a system of top-down plans to reduce growth in Third World countries, and increase their agricultural production.

At this time, General Draper, best known for restoring the control of German industry to the hands of Nazi businessmen after WW2, became involved. The Draper Report said that the government had

better include birth control as part of its foreign aid policy, if it wanted returns on World Bank loans. Further, foreign aid should be given out on the basis of the use of these programs — that countries should be blackmailed into accepting these programs. This attitude has been followed by the Kennedy, Johnson and Nixon administrations.

What is most important is to understand the kind of agricultural development that goes with this "foreign aid".

In the mid-60's, the U.S. began to pressure countries to make their policies more open to investors. This has gone along with a program to "modernize" agricultural production — with fertilizer, pesticides, and machinery. Food prices have been kept high to create "incentive" for increased production. Fertilizer plants have been set up with their own pricing and distribution systems. And who should be one of the major fertilizer manufacturers but our friend Standard Oil of New Jersey!

So we have a situation where a program of population control and agricultural aid started by big business in the States creates markets for that same big business paid for by the countries involved and U.S. taxpayers. Further, it sets up the situation for the development of the economy in those countries to be controlled by "foreign aid" and foreign business. That's called imperialism!

It distorts the development of economies so production takes place for profit and not for the people of these countries. Part of such control over foreign economies is the ability to control their populations. Programs of forced sterilization are carried on in India. Peasants have been set against each other in competition for the land. The people who benefit are the large landowners who are already set up for commercial production. The people who lose are the people who are forced off the land by this type of agricultural development, the people who need the food and cannot afford it, and the whole country as the land is screwed up by western farming methods replacing a high yield, labor intensive, form of production more in harmony with the environment. More and more people are forced to go into the cities where there is no way for them to make a living.

SUMMING IT ALL UP

The "population explosion" is part of an attitude that we in North America have been encouraged to have toward the rest of the world. That it is a problem, and that it is our problem.

It would be well for us in Canada to question how our foreign aid programs are used, and by whom.

Population growth is part of a larger problem that many countries have to deal with — how they are going to develop their economies.

That is a problem that they must solve for themselves, by taking control of their economies. We here in Canada should support this fight, and prevent interests in North America from imposing their will on these countries.

It is the duty of every subversive scientist to show that the problems here and elsewhere are not a result of "too many people," but the result of the way the economy is run.

And further, to show that we can develop a system which will serve people, and not treat them as a problem.

ALL POWER TO SUBVERSIVE SCIENCE!

Remember that 5 million pounds of nerve gas and mustard gas that was supposed to be shipped thru Washington and Oregon at the end of May? It ain't gonna happen. The two states and the American Civil Liberties Association filed suits for injunctions prohibiting the defense department from shipping the gas thru the two states. The suits were dismissed.

An organization called PANG, People Against Nerve Gas, began a massive propaganda campaign to mobilize public opinion against the shipment. Nothing happened.

Then the Seattle Liberation Front (SLF) informed the media that they would stop the train by whatever means necessary. That meant they would sit on the tracks, stand on the tracks, lie on the tracks, kneel on the tracks, lounge on the tracks, remove the tracks, or do whatever they figured would stop the train. They were serious. And it worked. The defense dept has decided to change its plans.

The gas will not be shipped to the Umatilla base in Oregon. It will be shipped to Alaska or one of the South Pacific protectorates. Alaska is already a permanent (?) storage bin for nuclear and CBW weapons. The idiocy of shipping the gas anywhere is astounding, especially considering that it would be less costly for the Amerikan gov't to detoxify the stuff.

But the point is that SLF confrontation was effective in keeping the shipment out of mainland Amerika. They (we) won. How effective will the march on Suffield be?



People's Park, 1969

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	1	MARQUIS DE SADE Born 1740	GENERAL STRIKE Spanish Miners 1912	King Alexander & Queen Draga assassinated 1903	Pancho VILLA Born 1878	
BATTLE OF PEOPLES' PARK Berkeley 1969	2 I.W.W. STRIKE MESABE 1916	Anti-Anarchist Law passed. Washington - 1902	Antoni GAUDI Died 1926	Bar tholomeo VANZETTI Born 1888	BATTLE IN BUTTE 260 die 1917	WAT TYLER Peasant Revolt 1381
7 Militia at Cripple Creek 9 4	8	9	10	11 London Peasant March 1381	Revolution in PRAGUE 1848	PROVO RIOTS 1966 Amsterdam 13
MUTINY BATTLESHIP POTEMPKIN 1905	WAT TYLER Murdered 1381	BLOOMSDAY		RED WEEK ITALY 1914	PATERSON STRIKE 1902	First Woman's Labor Federation 1835
13 Miners hung as Molly Maguires 1877	14	15	16	17	18	American Railway Union found 1893
21	22 SDS RIP	23		Albert PARSONS Born 1848	INDIANS Smash Custer Little Big Horn	Industrial Workers of the World 1905
Odessa in hands of Revolutionists 1905		DEBS Arrested for Anti-War activity - 1918	24 Santo CASERIO assas. Pres. Carnot of Fr. 1894	25 1876	Gov. ALTGELD issues absolute pardon to remaining Haymarket Anarchists 1893	27 Emma GOLDMAN Born 1869
28	29	30	JUNE			

Reprinted from Anarchist Calendar